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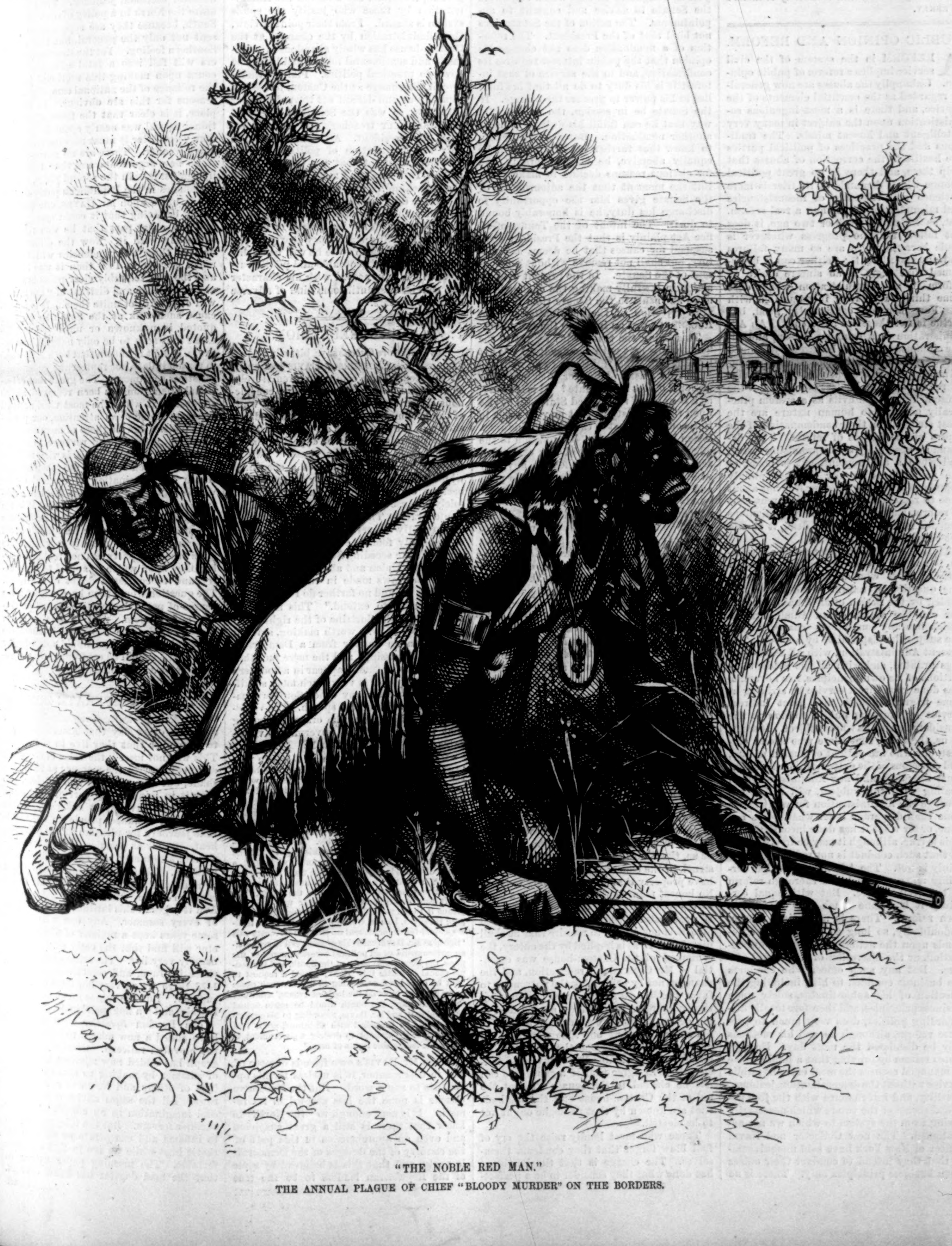

"THE NOBLE RED MAN."
THE ANNUAL PLAGUE OF CHIEF "BLOODY MURDER" ON THE BORDERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 10, 1878.

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AMERICAN THOROUGH-BREDS,

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PUBLIC OPINION AND REFORM.

A REFORM in the system of the civil service implies a reform of public opinion. Unhappily the abuses are now generally regarded as the essential elements of the service, and there is a most ingenious sophistication upon the subject in many very intelligent and honest minds. The traditions and the practices of political parties are hostile to the correction of abuses that help them, and there is no great political change which demands of its friends more patience and tolerance of inconsistencies and misunderstandings than a real reform. Yet, as we said a week or two ago, it does not follow that no progress whatever is made because there are so many failures and disappointments; neither can it be assumed that there is no sincere desire of reform in an Administration which does some things absolutely incompatible with it. Few men are consistently good, but virtue is not therefore mere cant. An Administration is a complex person, and all the circumstances must be carefully scanned and weighed before its conduct is condemned as heartless or treacherous. The enemies of reform and the loudest advocates of the present abuses and evils as a system practically adapted to human nature are the most stringent in their condemnation of the lapses of the friends of reform. They demand an absolutely uncompromising virtue, and when a bad appointment is made, or the principle is in any instance plainly abandoned, they ask whether it is not about time to renounce also the transparent cant of reform, and whether, since the ridiculous monster is now thoroughly dead, it should not be summarily buried.

This, like calling an opponent an old woman, is not very powerful reasoning, but it satisfies those who do not care to argue. The question of reform is not to be concluded by the action of an Administration, nor can the action of an Administration which has any convictions whatever upon the subject be disposed of by a sneer. The present Administration, with all short-comings granted, and with all the evident desertions of its own principles, has nevertheless done good direct service by striking at some flagrant abuses, and great indirect service by arousing public opinion to the consideration of the whole subject. It seems to us, therefore, that those who are in earnest, but who are patient of human nature, and conscious of the extreme difficulties that must now surround any Administration in dealing with this subject, will rather encourage the Administration for what it has done than disparage it for what it has not done, or for what it has done inconsistently. This is true, although it may be freely granted that such conduct is not reform. It certainly is not. The Administration has certainly not accomplished a thorough reform of the civil service. But with equal certainty it has done much that belongs to such reform. There is no radical reform, undoubtedly, so long as what is done depends upon the action of a single Administration, or the discretion of individual officers. But any such officer who conducts the business confided to him, including the selection of his subordinates, solely upon business principles, and therefore totally disregarding politics, does very much to promote reform, although he and his methods may be dismissed the next day. He promotes reform by proving that a public office so managed secures the most efficient public service without the demoralization, jealousy, hostility, and interference with the free political action of the voters which necessarily spring from the system to which we are accustomed. The new Collector and Naval Officer of New York have said unequivocally that they intend to conduct their offices upon business principles only. There is no good reason to doubt their word, however hard they may find the task of making it good. The more strenuously they resist the pressure to make it a political machine, the more efficiently and satisfactorily will they serve the public, and the more practicable will they have made a reasonable reform of the system.

FAIR AND FOUL BLOWS.

The President, in strict pursuance of law, has suspended the Collector and Naval Officer of New York, and the supporters of Senator Conkling burst into furious denunciation of the act as a gross insult to the Senate, and a treachery, a defiance, a stab in the back, a foul blow, an outrage, a persecution, and every other kind of infamous proceeding toward the Senator. This is all very foolish. The President does not insult the Senate by doing any act for which the law expressly provides. The law that authorizes the suspension of certain officers is just as obligatory as that which empowers the Senate to advise and consent to appointments. The action of the Senate does not bind that of the President. The rejection of a nomination does not change his opinion that the public interest requires its confirmation, and in the service of that interest it is his duty to do all that lawfully lies in his power to procure the change. If the Senate be in session, the only lawful way that he can fulfill his duty is to make another nomination. But if he has reason to know that further nominations will be equally abortive, he may honorably and for obvious reasons decline to make them. But the moment that the adjournment of the Senate gives him the opportunity to discharge his duty, he is honorably bound to do it. The intent of the Tenure-of-office Act plainly is that the President shall suspend for causes that he deems satisfactory, but shall not remove without the consent of the Senate. In the present case his action in lawfully making the change is no more an insult to the Senate than the Senate's rejection of the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt was an insult to the President.

This being the truth with regard to the Senate, how is it with the Senator? What has Mr. Conkling rightfully to do with the New York Custom-house, or with any other national offices in the State? It is his duty, as a Senator of the United States, to advise upon the nominations that may be made to those offices. That is the whole of his duty. When he has done that, his relation to the offices is rightfully that of any other citizen. Interference with them in any way would be gross impertinence upon his part, and the use of their patronage in any way whatever for his personal or political benefit would be a wrong to the public which it would be the President's duty peremptorily to remedy. The Custom-house is a business institution designed for the common benefit. Its officers are agents of the executive, not of the legislative, branch of the government. The prostitution of their patronage to the service of any man is a "blow," and "a foul blow," "an insult," "a treachery," and "a defiance," "a stab in the back," "an outrage," and "a persecution," toward all the people for whose benefit the office exists; and the correction of such an abuse is not a blow against any man, but the assertion of a public right. There is no more reason that the patronage of the New York Custom-house should be used for the advantage of Mr. Conkling than for that of any other citizen of New York, and we shall not fail to denounce such an abuse wherever it may appear and whomsoever it may be meant to benefit. To contend that the changes are a blow directed at Mr. Conkling is to admit that he is in a condition to receive such a blow. In other words, it is to grant that the Custom-house was "run" in the interest of his re-election. If that be so, the "blow" is precisely that which is struck in the courts every day at those who have property that does not belong to them. No honest man would say that it is a blow to deprive another of an illicit advantage. If a gamester wishes to play with loaded dice, it is not a blow to require that he shall play fair. If, as is implied by the outcry, the command of the Custom-house was essential to Mr. Conkling's re-election, and the changes, not by perverting the patronage to favor another candidate, but by preventing that perversion in his favor, should lead to his defeat, it would be certainly a blow to his aspirations, but one that would be not only justifiable, but one that ought to be struck. For undoubtedly every right-minded man will agree that if a candidate can not be elected to the Senate without the aid of the Custom-house and the methods that are known by that name, he ought not to be elected.

Those who most loudly raise the cry of foul blow forget that they condemn themselves. The charge is that the President has done what they consider to be a perfectly proper thing to do. They constantly sneer at the principle of a non-partisan and a non-personal civil service as sentimental and impracticable nonsense. One of the most amusingly stupid but consistent touters of the practice of government by plunder steadily shouts that a man is a consummate ass or a hopeless lunatic who does not think that practice to be the flower of practical statesmanship. This is the doctrine that Mr. Conkling and his school represent. If they believe their own theory, why do they make such an outcry over its application? Upon their own ground, why is it treachery or defiance in Mr. Hayes to do what Mr. Conkling does? If, as they say, Mr. Hayes is using the Custom-house to hurt Mr. Conkling, why is it any more atrocious than that Mr. Conkling should use it to hurt Mr. Hayes? Certainly the head of the executive department of the government has as much right to subordinate the Custom-house to his purposes as a member of the legislative branch. Upon their own ground, therefore, the abuse of the Administration by those who justify the spoils system is absurd. From their point of view, the Administration by the changes at the Custom-house has wisely abandoned its fantastic and sentimental follies, and has come down to practical politics. Plainly, therefore, if the change at the Custom-house is a treacherous and defiant act toward Senator Conkling, so was the Senator's defeat of Mr. Roosevelt treachery and defiance toward the President. All such talk shows only the degradation of politics. If the President thought that the Custom-house in New York was the "machine" or part of the "machine" of any person or politician, it was his duty to suspend the chief agents. If, under that pretense, he has sought to make it a "machine" for himself or for any favorite, he will certainly pay dearly for the attempt. But meanwhile he will be credited justly with an honorable and public purpose, which is in accord with his character and convictions, until some kind of adverse evidence appears.

"A NEW REBELLION."

The Baltimore *Gazette* says, bitterly and sagaciously, that Jefferson Davis has opened the Republican campaign prematurely. There could not, indeed, be a more conspicuous cipher than Davis, and his total want of the personal qualities of a great leader is shown in the absence of all that feeling for him which might justly be expected among his followers in the lost cause. Two or three times a year he makes a speech, to which attention is turned for a moment, not because of its ability or importance, but solely because he was the official head of the Confederacy. The latest of these speeches was recently delivered in Mississippi, and it is especially foolish even for Davis. He says that the seceding States "agreed to return to the Union and abide by the Constitution and laws made in conformity with it. Thus far and no farther do I understand your promise to extend." This is a mere repetition of the doctrine of the right of secession, yet it was worth making, since it has drawn an answer from a Democratic paper in Mississippi, and the mere fact that such an answer should appear in a Southern Democratic paper is very much more significant than that many other Southern papers should applaud the speech. The Vicksburg *Herald* laughs at the orator for saying that the action of the government vindicates the course of the South:

> "If secession is proved to be right because it leads to subjugation, immense loss of treasure and blood, and untold private and public sufferings, we would prefer for the people to be enough wrong in the future never to attempt it again."

It proceeds:

> "But secession is wrong. It is detestable, disintegrating, contradictory, impossible. How can a government exist that acknowledges this 'right?' If one State has such a right, all have it, and if all have it, a nation of States is impossible. The truth is, no State has such a right. To assert it is to assert that a component part has more 'right' than the whole. To assert this doctrine before the war was evil; to preach it to the *post-bellum* South is frightful. Suppose Hampton, Lamar, Gordon, Hill, and other leaders should feel it incumbent on them to advocate this 'right,' as Mr. Davis calls this greatest evil to republican governments of all political heresies; suppose the press, the Democratic party of the South, and the people should advocate this 'right;' would a request to 'not be considered as seeking to disturb such peace as we have, or to avoid the logic of events,' avail us? On the contrary, the South would be again bound hand and foot, and Mr. Davis, according to his curious logic, would be furnished with additional proof that secession, or the attempt to destroy a government, is one of the inalienable rights of man."

When Mr. Davis's own friends dispose of him in this manner, it is useless for his opponents to say a word. But the Baltimore *Gazette* is none the less shrewd in its remark. It is near enough to "the North" to know that there is still a great suspicion and even an apprehension in this part of the country of the designs of the Democratic party, and that this is believed by some of the Republican leaders to be the true ground upon which to rally their party. Whatever feeds this suspicion favors the policy of such leaders, and the *Gazette* sees that such a speech from Davis enables them to declare that the feeling and purpose of "the South" are unchanged, and that Democratic restoration under Southern control means what General Banks calls a new rebellion. If this should be thought too extravagant, it still sees that the Northern mind may be fired to believe in some sinister Southern purpose by such talk as this from the Augusta *Chronicle*, which sneers at the idea of a new rebellion as unnecessary:

> "If the South could leave the Union without firing a shot, she would not do it. The Union means to her now profit and domination beyond her hopes, and at the expense of her bitterest foes, who have been blown up by their own torpedo. It may be that some of the Northern States are contemplating secession, and that Grant is relied upon to whip them back into the fold. How this is we do not know. But we do know that the South is more than satisfied with the Union; that she has not the slightest idea of abandoning it."

All such expressions of course prolong and imbitter sectional jealousy. They tend to unite the North in a policy of distrust of the South, because they are supposed to represent not only the general, but the natural Southern feeling. Yet the Republican leaders will fall into a fatal mistake if they count upon making this sectional jealousy the reliance of the national campaign. The reasons for this are obvious. In the first place, it is clear that the force of the sectional appeal was nearly spent in 1876, and four years later it must necessarily be very much weaker. There are no new points in it, no new arguments, and time tells heavily against it. In the second place, the two tendencies in the Republican party did sincerely unite upon Mr. Hayes, one part sincerely believing that it could manage him, and the other part that he was really in sympathy with it. Now the difficulty of uniting these two tendencies will be very much greater in 1880 than it was in 1876, and the one tolerably clear point is that a vague jealousy and distrust of "the South" will certainly not unite them. It is not because such talk at the South as we have quoted is unknown or unheeded, but because it is seen to be only natural, and because, also, it is known that both in fact and in reason it does not represent a general and resistless sentiment. The great root of sectional alienation has been removed, and to suppose that while the most vital national interests insist upon attention, our permanent politics can be those of mere sectional suspicion, jealousy, and revenge, is to mistake the situation. This is the mistake, however, which is to be apprehended, and which the nomination of General Grant would indicate. It is none the less a mistake because it may be said that it is the strongest cry. If the strongest Republican cry in 1880 should be one that barely saved success in 1876, to raise it is virtually to admit that the party has no great and timely policy upon which to appeal to the country, and to confess a doubt of the result. The question would then be, not what is the course of party desperation, but of patriotism and wisdom. And if, as this action would confess, the result really should be doubtful, sensible men would ask whether that result should be confronted with a progressive or a reactionary policy.

THE INTEMPERATE ZONE.

The New York *Times* remarked very sensibly the other day that Americans ought to remember that they live in the tropics. This was not merely the voice of the wrath of an editor with the mercury at 98° in the shade, but the cool word of wisdom. To bear it in mind is the part of good sense, and it will save great suffering. In the tropics, for instance, people do not undertake journeys for pleasure in the blistering heat. So far as practicable they move little and sit quietly, and eat and drink temperately. They do not think it manly "not to mind the weather," nor unmanly to use common-sense when the dogstar rages. And it rages in this latitude for some weeks of every summer. Any one who has for some years kept a register of the thermometer will find that the early part of July is usually very hot. The season begins sometimes in June, and sometimes, also, as in 1873, there are no very hot days during the summer. But the rule is great heat in early July, and "a hot spell" in August.

The London *Spectator* says Americans have added a new misery to human life in the elevated railroad. Certainly the telegraph has added new miseries to the heat of summer by making us share the sufferings of others and foretaste our own sorrows. All the sages advise a steady and cool imagination as an amulet during the summer fervors. But the telegraph strives to inflame and exasperate us with sympathetic heat while we are in fact still comfortable. The morning paper assures us that the mad dogstar has burst over St.

Louis, and that the fragments are hastening toward us, and will strike New York day after to-morrow. From that moment we are no longer conscious of the fact that we are comfortable, in the frightful consciousness that in forty-eight hours we are to be wretchedly uncomfortable. If we could escape, indeed, the telegraph might be worshipped as a benefactor; but escape is impossible, and it succeeds in ruining our present joy with anticipated woe. The entire broadside of a newspaper, with appalling head-lines, recording universal and irritating discomfort and a "Hot Wave," as if a whiff from the unmentionable place were advancing to wither us, is a new misery in human life.

The heat itself, however, is not a new misery. Our ancestors endured precisely such weather as we know, and they said it was, phew! warm; and when the mercury touched 100° in the shade, the local newspaper, glad of an item, mentioned the fact. But those ancestors were not called to suffer vicarious torture. They did not suppositiously swelter with St. Louis and melt with Cincinnati and dissolve with Pittsburgh before they properly perspired in their own persons. They had no alien griefs, which they could not possibly help, to bear, and their sufferings were brief and soon ended. Our summers and the average temperature of the year doubtless invalidate the theory that our earth—or, at any rate, this part of it—is relapsing toward a glacial period. They are tropical, and remembering that and governing ourselves accordingly, we shall suffer as little as practicable from heat, and none at all from the popular delusion that this is the temperate zone.

MORAL ASYLUMS.

EFFORTS to relieve the community of the taxation, the public crime, and the private suffering due to drunkenness are not confined to Mr. MURPHY, Dr. CROSBY, and the Father Mathew and other temperance associations in this country. An important bill has just passed the House of Commons in England, which is supported by the London *Times*, and which therefore may be supposed to represent the general English feeling upon the subject. The temperance party in the House proposed a bill which authorized the restraint of the habitual drunkard against his will. But the compulsion was stricken out, and the bill passed the Commons without an opposing vote. It provides for the erection at private cost of retreats for the victims of the habit, and authorizes the forcible detention in them of any inebriate who voluntarily applies for the benefit of the seclusion. It is a law which enables a man, at a time when he coolly estimates his peril and the power of the appetite, to secure a year of total inability to gratify it. The principle is not unknown in our own inebriate asylums, and it offers the only practicable chance of escape to hosts who are by habit or congenitally enslaved by the appetite. It may well be doubted whether, if a year's abstinence will not break the bond, it can be broken at all except by an indefinite continuance of the restraint.

The *Times* speaks of a cynicism which is indifferent to all such enterprises because it feels that a man who has once fallen under the power of the habit betrays an essential infirmity of will which makes radical reform improbable, and which of itself should be a reason for withholding effort, since such men must always be an inferior class. This is direful reasoning, for it would equally apply to the sick and the infirm. It is a return to the old Spartan barbarism of abandoning infants to the elements. It takes care not only that the fittest shall survive, but that the unfit shall not. Nor is it true. The appetite is not peculiar to an inferior class of men, nor to men of weak wills. Undoubtedly, like all excesses, it gradually weakens the will, but it is a temptation that besets some of the best and ablest of men. One of its fatalities, indeed, is its insidiousness, so that the very men whom the law is meant to help would cajole and sophisticate themselves to refuse its benefits.

There is one aspect of the subject of legislation to restrain drunkenness which is significant. It is peculiar to the Northern and English-speaking races, in which the instinct of personal liberty is strongest, and which constantly resists the legislation. Drinking, it argues, is a personal matter. Nobody need intoxicate himself if he does not choose to. If he does so, it is at his own risk. If he chooses to ruin himself, we are very sorry, but it is his own affair. Some men do it by drink, others by extravagance, others by stupidity. Society can not undertake to regulate the private conduct of its members. When they interfere with others, they may be dealt with, but not before. We might as well be called upon to prevent men's extravagance in expense as their immoderation in drinking. This is the instinctive reply of the Anglo-Saxon, as we call him, to the argument for compulsory temperance. But he is answered upon his own ground. He is shown that the drunkenness of others invades the equal rights of every man in the community by necessitating enormous taxation to punish the disorder which it produces. The Anglo-Saxon common-sense, therefore, regulates the sale of liquor, and thereby restricts the individual freedom of drinking. All subsequent restriction, up to total prohibition of the manufacture and of the consumption, is merely a question of expediency.

TYRANNY.

To require office-holders not to use their places for the control of politics is denounced as a terrible outrage upon the rights of American freemen. If it be an outrage, it is one of which JEFFERSON and WEBSTER and other most eminent Americans were guilty. But far from being an outrage, it is the release of thousands of American freemen from the most odious and arbitrary exactions. Those who are full of virtuous indignation because office-holders are warned not to use public places for private advantage, and who stigmatize it as a despotic abuse of power, look on with great complacency while those office-holders compel their subordinates to pay a tax to a political fund or lose their places. Have American freemen upon salaries of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year no rights? Is it not forcing them to surrender their rights as freemen to require them to pay an arbitrary imposition as the price of their places, to which the salaries are attached without any such legal condition? The only interference with the rights of American freemen involved in the order forbidding an active participation in politics is the prohibition of such interferences with the rights of freemen as buying votes with patronage, or coercing them by fear of removal.

The principle of the order of President HAYES is precisely that of President HARRISON'S circular, issued through DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State, in which he said:

"I will remove no incumbent from office who has faithfully and honestly acquitted himself of the duties of his office, *except in cases where such officer has been guilty of an active partisanship, or by secret means—the less manly, and therefore the more objectionable—has given his official influence to the purposes of party, thereby bringing the patronage of the government in conflict with freedom of elections. Numerous removals may become necessary under this rule.*"

This was also the doctine of JEFFERSON. According to these older statesmen, faithful and honest official service should not prevent removal if the office had been prostituted to partisan purposes.

President HAYES took the same position in his order. He wishes, with those Presidents and with honorable citizens, that the clerks and subordinate officers in the public service shall not be practically enslaved and robbed of their manhood and self-respect by their superiors. Those superiors have the power of appointment and removal in their various offices. "In the main," said Mr. WEBSTER, in the Senate, "it will be found that a power over a man's support is a power over his will." When those superiors require political services or money contributions from their subordinates, the latter necessarily yield, because to resist would be to lose their places. The "tyranny" and "invasion of the rights of American freemen" upon the part of the President consist in saying to those superiors, "If you do that thing, you shall be removed." If such an assertion of the right of every American citizen to his manhood be tyranny, make the most of it.

THE LIBERALS AND THE JINGOES.

THE methods by which the arrangement at Berlin was secured by Lord BEACONSFIELD could not fail to stir the English instincts of so true an Englishman as GLADSTONE, and it is to be hoped that his speech criticising the action of the Prime Minister will be echoed by the England which has not lost its honest pride in fair play and popular government. The speech of Mr. FORSTER on the same evening happily forecasts a union of the Liberal party, for the course of Mr. FORSTER in the House of Commons had not been wholly satisfactory to the Liberals who thought with GLADSTONE. The Liberal case is certainly very strong. By the conduct of Lord BEACONSFIELD England has shared in the partition of Turkey; ostentatiously befriending her, she has secretly betrayed her; she has obtained a concession upon the understanding of doing what she had already agreed with Russia not to do. In Mr. GLADSTONE'S reported phrase: "England has sold Bessarabia to Russia, the brave Montenegrins' conquests to Austria's jealousy and selfishness, the Greeks to Turkey, and lastly, Turkey herself to England." She has undertaken enormous engagements, has opened the liability of immense taxation, has made herself the defender of nominal Mohammedan rule, and all with a haughty contempt of Parliament, and without any knowledge on the part of the country. And just as the dates of the Russian and Turkish compacts are made public, revealing perfidy toward the ally whom the Prime Minister rhetorically fondles, Lord DERBY, cold and cautious, his late associate in the ministry, rises to say that he left the cabinet because of the contemplated treachery both toward France and Turkey.

Here are two exceedingly powerful positions for an attack upon the BEACONSFIELD autocracy: the outraged British love of fair play, and the practical overthrow of Parliamentary government. The attitude of the Liberals will be strengthened by the reaction which is sure to follow so strained and extravagant an exaltation of public feeling as the late accounts from England have shown. As the character and extent of the responsibilities which have been assumed are gradually perceived and measured, and the character of the methods pursued is fairly apprehended, it w[illegible]probably appear that English patriotism and principle are not monopolized by the "Jingoes."

PERSONAL.

THE head of the oldest noble house in France, M. DE MAILLY, has recently deceased. His full title, which dates back to the eleventh century, is Comte de Mailly, Prince de Liste, and Marquis de Nesle.

—Was this a prophecy for DISRAELI, in the Book of Zechariah, eighth chapter and twenty-third verse: "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you?"

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS recently told a Sunday-school teacher in Augusta, Georgia, that the first taste he ever had for reading was inculcated in a Sunday-school when he was a boy nine years old.

—The Rev. Dr. MILBURN, the eloquent blind preacher, has recently returned from a two-years' lecturing tour in Great Britain. His audiences abroad were greatly impressed by his ability, culture, and oratorical powers, and he was every where received with the utmost cordiality. During his absence from this country Dr. MILBURN gathered materials for several new lectures, with which he will be prepared to enter the field when the season opens.

—GEORGE M. TIBBITTS, of Troy, who died a few days since, at the age of eighty-two, leaving a fortune of $2,000,000, was the son of GEORGE TIBBITTS, a member of the State Senate who supported Governor DE WITT CLINTON from the outset in legislation for the construction of the Erie Canal, and by his personal influence carried the measure through the Legislature. The original draft of the bill is in the possession of the TIBBITTS family.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY writes from London that the beautiful mansion of Minister WELSH is "already associated with hospitality of that kindly, refined, and unostentatious kind which one would like always to hear of in connection with a republican gentleman in his position."

—HENRY WATTERSON, writing in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, says: "A more genial man never lived. His capacity for both work and play was boundless. An illustrative story bearing upon this point is told of his seating himself in the lap of BEVERLY TUCKER, on a certain occasion, and exclaiming, in his impulsive way, 'BEV, old boy, I love you!' 'DOUGLAS,' says TUCKER, 'will you always love me?' 'Yes, I will.' 'But,' persisted TUCKER, 'will you love me when you get to be President?' 'If I don't, may I be ——!' says DOUGLAS. 'What do you want me to do for you?' 'Well,' says TUCKER, 'when you get to be President, all I want you to do for me is to pick some public place, and put your arm around my neck, just as you are doing now, and call me BEV!'"

—Lord BEACONSFIELD has now but one near relative—a nephew—bearing the name of DISRAELI. His only sister died many years ago; and in these prosperous latter days the Prime Minister has doubtless often turned with fond regret to the memory of his wife whom he so loved, and delighted to honor in seeing her created Viscountess BEACONSFIELD. His earldom, like his wife's viscounty, will become extinct. The Queen, however, may extend the title of the uncle to the nephew.

—Mrs. SIMON REISS, notwithstanding her great age of one hundred and five years, worked in the harvest field recently at her home in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. She bound up ten sheaves, and then retired, not exhausted. She is in good health, and tells her friends that she expects to attend the county fair next fall.

—Mr. JOHN C. HAMILTON relates the following touching incident in reference to his father on the evening and morning preceding his fatal duel with BURR: "The day before the duel I was sitting in a room, when, at a slight noise, I turned around and saw my father in the doorway, standing silently there, and looking at me with a most sweet and beautiful expression of countenance. It was full of tenderness, and without any of the business preoccupation he sometimes had. 'JOHN,' he said, when I had discovered him, 'won't you come and sleep with me to-night?' His voice was frank as if he had been my brother instead of my father. That night I went to his bed, and in the morning very early he awakened me, and taking my hands in his palms, all four hands extended, he said, and told me to repeat, the Lord's Prayer. Seventy-five years have since passed over my head, and I have forgotten many things, but not that tender expression when he stood looking at me in the door, nor the prayer we made together the morning before the duel. I do not so well recollect seeing him lie upon his death-bed, though I was there. Of course I saw him, but that recollection is only general. I went to the funeral at Trinity Church, and vaguely remember that."

—Mr. FISH held the office of Secretary of State three or four days longer than any of his predecessors. MADISON, ADAMS, and SEWARD held it longest before him. When complimented on his victory on the *Alabama* question, Mr. FISH modestly congratulated himself on the recent decision of the English Extradition Commission, which maintained every point made by him in opposition to Lord DERBY'S claims, and held that no stipulation could be required as to the trial of an extradited prisoner, because it was a matter between nations, and no nation could impose any stipulation upon any other nation.

—Among the conspicuously able men who composed the recent Congress at Berlin was Count CORTI, formerly Italian minister at Washington, now Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Count CORTI was at Washington during the Presidency of General GRANT, who regarded him as one of the ablest members of the diplomatic body. He has a fine open brow, but his appearance is that of a Methodist clergyman with many children. His quick mind has on several occasions intervened at a critical point in the deliberations of the Congress to preserve peace.

—Since the inauguration of the great political conference at Berlin, there have been many interesting sketches of the presiding man if not the guiding genius of that remarkable gathering, Prince BISMARCK. The following fresh picture is by the Berlin correspondent of the London *World:* "The Prince lives generally at the Radziwill Palace, which has lately been purchased by the German government and added to the old Foreign Office next door. At the back is a large garden, called here a 'park,' and originally cut off from the Tier Garten, or Bois de Boulogne of Berlin. It is surrounded by high walls, and the great Chancellor, when he walks there, is carefully watched over by the police, and protected by his now celebrated dog, a large, smooth, black boar-hound, which has succeeded the famous 'Sultan,' which was poisoned by the Social Democrats. The Prince hardly ever ventures into the streets of Berlin, and, indeed, comes to the capital as little as possible. In conversation his manner is frank and cordial; he talks of English books as one who has read most of them, and he seems to be possessed of a thoroughly encyclopedic mind. Nothing, indeed, is too small for it, and his fund of knowledge is constantly increased by the information he obtains from his secret police, who, I am told, furnish him daily with the most minute details concerning the lives of those around him. It is his habit after dinner to stroll upon the terrace at the back of his palace, and to puff volumes of smoke from an enormous china pipe with a long cherry-stick stem. I do not know whether his two sons are possessed of any of his intellectual powers, but they have inherited, at any rate, their father's vigorous and massive frame."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL CHARLES K. GRAHAM has been appointed Surveyor of Customs at the port of New York, in place of General E. A. Merritt, the new Collector.

Ex-Judge John A. Lott died at Flatbush, Long Island, on the 20th ult., and General George F. Shepley, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, died at Portland, Maine, the same day.—Mrs. Major Newell, formerly Miss Minnie Warren, died at Fall River on the 23d ult.

The New York State Convention of Nationals met at Syracuse on the 23d ult. Gideon J. Tucker was nominated for Judge of the Court of Appeals.—The Ohio Nationals met at Columbus, the same day, and nominated Andrew Roy for Secretary of State.—The Texas Democrats, at Galveston, on the 24th ult., nominated for Governor Chief Justice C. M. Roberts, for Lieutenant-Governor Joseph D. Sayers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The Marquis of Hartington, in the House of Commons, on the 19th ult., gave notice of his intention to move the following resolution on an early day: "*Resolved*, That while the House has learned with satisfaction that the troubles in the East have been terminated by the Treaty of Berlin without further recourse to arms, and rejoices in the extension of liberty and self-government to some populations of European Turkey, it regrets that it has not been found practicable to deal more satisfactorily with the claims of the Greeks; that in regard to Asiatic Turkey the military liabilities of this country have been unnecessarily extended; that undefined engagements relative to a better administration of the Asiatic provinces have imposed many responsibilities on the state, while no sufficient means are indicated for securing their fulfillment; and that these responsibilities have been incurred without the previous knowledge of Parliament." At the Liberal Association anniversary, on the 21st, Mr. Gladstone powerfully attacked the manner in which the people had been governed lately. No despotic government in Europe, he said, would have dared to do what this cabinet has done—accepting such responsibilities unknown to the people. He criticised the Treaty of Berlin, whereby England consented to replace Bessarabia, which belonged to free Roumania, under the despotic rule of Russia. Russia still retains her claim to heavy indemnity, which she can always make a pretext for war. At the same time the treaty destroys the integrity and independence of Turkey. "With regard to the convention with Turkey," he said, "only one epithet is possible, namely, an insane covenant. None of the great English statesmen of the last forty years would have signed it. It is, to our shame, a convention of absurdity and duplicity. It is odious to every valuable feeling of the country, and has alienated the friendship of all foreign powers. England has sold Bessarabia to Russia, the brave Montenegrins' conquests to Austria's jealousy and selfishness, the Greeks to Turkey, and lastly, Turkey herself to England." Mr. Gladstone concluded his speech by saying he hopes the ministry will shortly be judged by an appeal to the country. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, at the Cobden Club dinner, made a speech taking the same general grounds against the government's policy.—The Queen has conferred the Order of the Garter on Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury.—In the House of Commons, on the 25th ult., Mr. Joseph Cowen (Radical member from Newcastle-on-Tyne) presented the petition of the extreme Turkophile faction, demanding the impeachment of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Charles Edward Lewis (Conservative member for Londonderry city) rose to a point of order, but the Speaker allowed the presentation of the petition.

The British House of Commons, after some discussion, on the 25th ult., voted a grant of $50,000 per annum to the Duke of Connaught, in view of his approaching marriage.

Large annexation meetings were held by the Italian agitators in Geneva, Palermo, Brescia, and other cities on the 21st ult. The government has assured Austria that it does not approve of the movement, and that it will prevent even an attempt at an armed demonstration against Austria.

INCIDENTS OF AN OCEAN TRIP.—[Drawn by A. B. Frost.]

AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Don Vittorio had receded into the dim background of my thoughts. I had satisfied myself that whatever admiration he had felt for Lucy was a mere passing fancy, and that he had soon grown tired of bringing English letters to the school-room to be translated. And my mind had been too full of the subject of Lucy's conversion to have room for him. All the more was I startled and vexed to find him seated familiarly at my sister's elbow.

Lucy's face was covered with a deep, sudden blush. Don Vittorio rose very calmly, and made me his usual formal bow, with his heels drawn together. The two little girls stared at me. No doubt I looked any thing but a pleasant-humored visitor, although the instant before, while my hand was still on the lock of the door, I had been feeling cheerful enough, and even a little triumphant. Now my triumph was very effectually damped. I briefly and dryly stated my object in coming to the school-room: namely, to tell Lucy that Monsignor Chiappaforti approved, and even advised, her going to Tivoli. And then I stood still, in an attitude of expectation.

"WE HAD EATEN OUR LUNCHEON THERE, SITTING UNDER A GNARLED OLIVE-TREE."

That which I was waiting for soon happened. Don Vittorio took his departure, with another bow to me, a trifle haughtier than the first one. As he turned away, little Livia pulled him by the coat. "Vittorio, Vittorio," she cried, "don't forget to ask Laura for the ultramarine! And she promised me some more gold-paper. Francesca has had twice as much as I."

Livia was the youngest of the family, and was supposed to enjoy the honor of being her brother's favorite. He certainly permitted her to be more familiar and exigent with him than any of the others, whom he kept at a cool distance.

On this occasion he carelessly stroked the child's hair, and answered, "I have something else to do, you monkey, than run on errands all day between you and Laura. I am going out now. I have brought you Laura's message, and wasted five minutes in doing so. You mustn't ask any thing else of me for a month." And with that he went away.

He had brought Laura's message! Was that the real reason for his presence in the school-room, or a mere excuse? He had certainly looked at me as he spoke, as who should say, "I hope you are satisfied as to the reason of my being here?" And why should that not be the simple truth? Was I not growing morbid and suspicious, and imbibing some of that universal mistrust which poisoned the social atmosphere around me, and which I had frequently proved to be unfounded? No doubt I had shown my chagrin and surprise very plainly in my face, like a "blunt barbarian," as Signor Sandro had called me. And no doubt Don Vittorio had understood my emotion—it was entirely within the compass of his intelligence. And having understood it, and being too proud to offer any thing like an explanation to me, was it not natural that he should take this indirect method of conveying to me that he had no personal inclination to visit the school-room, and that he considered his stay there to have been five minutes "wasted?" Yes, certainly; very natural. And yet—

I was so absorbed in my own reflections that I scarcely comprehended the children's noisy and eager appeals to me, in their imperfect English, to look at the illuminations they had been doing, and to pronounce between gold and silver for the bordering of a bright scarlet letter B. I did comprehend, however, that Don Vittorio had really brought them a message from their elder sister—something concerning the all-important bazar, of course—and further gathered that Don Vittorio had good-naturedly charged himself with the message, because I happened to be absent at my interview with Monsignore, and Donna Laura had no one else at hand. Nothing could be clearer or simpler. I was ashamed of myself for not feeling quite easy. But—I could not feel quite easy.

Lucy began to question me about Monsignor Chiappaforti. What had he said to me? Was he not amiable and sweet-tempered? Why had I supposed he would object to her going to Tivoli? I was still absent-minded, and gave her short answers. When we were alone in our own lodging that evening, I told her that Monsignore had declared that she (Lucy) had never consulted him at all about our projected holiday, nor had spoken to him on the subject.

"Neither did I," she replied at once.

"You did *not?*"

"Certainly not. Why should you look so astounded? Did you suppose Monsignore was telling you a willful and deliberate falsehood?"

I was obliged to confess that I had thought so, and to submit humbly to a lecture from my younger sister on the blindness of Protestant prejudice and the uncharitableness of Protestant judgments. It was impossible for me to doubt Lucy's sincerity. I must then conclude that it was not Monsignore's influence which had made her so reluctant to leave Rome.

"Then I suppose," said I, "it was the Princess Olympia who set herself so strongly against letting you go?"

"She does not like the children's lessons to be interrupted, as I told you, Catherine. And—and I think myself that we shall find it cold at Tivoli at this time of year."

She had turned away her face from me as she spoke the last sentence, and dropped her voice timidly. I could not bear to see her seem afraid of me. There was nothing I dreaded more than to make her shrink shyly from confiding all she thought and felt to me. And yet I had resolved to be perfectly candid and straightforward with her. My mind was painfully tossed backward and forward from one course of conduct to another. Monsignore had talked of my "strength of mind," and Lucy believed me to be quite terrible in my inflexible force of will. If they had but known how wavering and helpless I really felt! how much in need of courage and wisdom!

We went to Tivoli at the end of that week; but oh, how different a visit it was from that to which I had so long looked forward! Lucy was—not sullen; that could not be, but—often sad. Monsignore's observation on her pale looks and thinness was a just one. She was looking almost painfully delicate. But I expected day by day to see the color tinge her cheeks again, and the old gay light come into her eyes. I looked in vain. The sweet country air, the loveliness of the scenery, and the peaceful serenity of our outward lives seemed to be vain medicaments for my Lucy's melancholy. And it was not alone that she was melancholy—she was secret, silent, strangely reserved with me. I had given my word not to discuss with her any question touching the Catholic creed during our absence from Rome, and therefore on that subject the lips of both of us were sealed. But in a hundred ways I felt that the old familiar confidence between us was at an end. Would it ever return? Just one year ago I had been looking out over the same wondrous landscape that lay now beneath my eyes—just one year, and how much was changed for me!

I had my Art still. Signor Sandro would have grimly told me to be thankful, and mind nothing else. Other persons had talked to me in more high-flown terms, saying that Art was sufficient to the true artist; that the goddess would accept no half-hearted sacrifice; that one must cheerfully offer up all the human part of one's life to her, if need were; and the like tinkling phrases. But I could never cheat myself with words. All this talk, as if "Art" were some dim, monstrous abstraction served by creatures all hand and eye, and ignorant, from long disuse, of human sympathies and weaknesses and disgusts and disappointments, seemed to me mere rhapsodical stuff. Perhaps if I had been a genius I might have found Art all-sufficient. (Although, to be honest, I doubt it, having noticed in all the accounts of men of genius with which I am acquainted, that their sensitiveness to mundane troubles—even such vulgar ones as poor pay for their work, or hostile criticism of it—was in no wise blunted by the favor of the Muses.) At all events, not being a genius, nor any thing near to one, I required several other things besides Art to make me happy. And yet I was not unthankful for those two good gifts of Heaven, Imagination and Labor. Nay, I had never valued them so highly as when I found in them a consolation for sorrow and a refuge from care. To me they were both, at this time.

I worked hard at a study for the picture I had contemplated making, and for which I had found an admirable model. I also made several studies of landscape. One of these latter was at the ruins of the Villa of Quintilius Varus, a mile or so from Tivoli. I used to walk thither in the early morning with no other escort than a black-eyed barefoot urchin whom I had engaged to carry my camp-stool and easel. Once or twice Lucy had accompanied me, and we had eaten our luncheon there, sitting under a gnarled olive-tree, and looking over the matchless panorama. But she found the walk too fatiguing to make it frequently—what a pang it gave me to hear her say so, and to assure myself from anxious observation of her languid gait and pale face that it was but too true!—and so I spent many a morning there without her. She, meanwhile, passed the time of my absence chiefly in the Villa d'Este. There she was safe from intruders, and could wander about the grounds, or sit still with her book or her work in the shade. The old housekeeper at the Villa d'Este was a great friend of mine, and used to assure me, every time I gave her a small present of money proportioned to my humble purse, that my sister was an angel, and that she (the housekeeper) would not fail to look after her. Let her come to the gardens as often and stay as long as she would! I do not know what more the good woman could have said for ten times the money.

We had been at Tivoli about a week when one morning my little model came to me in a state of great excitement. She was a girl of fourteen, and looked, to English eyes, three or four years older; a handsome creature, with glorious eyes and rich masses of coarse blue-black hair, but with a skin parched and sickly from fever, which she had suffered from severely. Her home was on the borders of the Pontine Marshes, in the very stronghold of malaria, and she had been sent to stay with a relative who lived in Tivoli, in order to regain her health. I had heard of her from Signor Sandro, who had often employed an elder sister of hers, a professional model, in Rome. My little Monica was not a professional model, but she was just what I wanted for my picture, fever-blanched skin and all. She looked sad, pathetic, poetic; but the charm vanished

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the instant she opened her mouth to speak. She had the harsh, hoarse, bawling voice which belongs to so many Roman women of her class, and the matter of her speech did not compensate for its manner. She was the most ignorant and undisciplined human creature I had ever known; but probably she was not below the level of her compeers in those respects. Such as her character was, she revealed it as undisguisedly as any wild animal. Her very lies—and she never scrupled to utter one if it suited her at the moment—were of a wholly incredible and inartificial kind, and the detection of them embarrassed her not a whit, although it sometimes put her in a passion.

To me one morning came this unsophisticated young person in a violent excitement, as I have said. She was even paler than usual, her black brows were bent into a frown, and she clinched her sunburned fist and kept muttering to herself in a fierce spasmodic way.

"This will not do, Monica," said I. "If you are so restless, and put on that demoniac look, you are not of the least use to me. Sit still and leave off frowning."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, but obeyed for a minute or so. Then the gesticulations and mutterings and general air of ferocity began again. I threw down my brush. "Very well, Monica," I said, quietly, "you are not disposed to earn your money this morning, I see. As you please. Only pray understand that I can not afford to pay you for wasting my time with your antics. I am not a rich Signora, but a poor artist."

Monica jumped up, and kicked over the stool on which she had been sitting, with a violent imprecation. "I care nothing for your miserable money!" she cried. "I *can't* sit still. My blood is boiling in my veins."

"You are extremely silly, Monica. And you don't speak the truth, either. You care a great deal for my money."

She paused in her furious tearing about the room, and stared at me curiously. My tone of cool indifference always had some influence with her—simply, I believe, because it puzzled her. The violence of her passion had not been affected, any more than the passion of a little child is affected whom yet one can divert from its wrath and its screams by holding up any new object before its eyes. With Monica, as with the infant, there were no inner depths of the spirit to be profoundly stirred, and consequently her storms of emotion were brief, and left no ground-swell behind them.

"Come," said I, "sit down there while I sketch in this background, and tell me what is the matter. Perhaps you will be able to be quiet when you have said your say."

The idea seemed to please her. "Yes, yes; I will tell you. It will take a weight from my heart. Listen, Signorina."

Monica's "saying her say" involved so many rambling parentheses, so much violent language, and general incoherence, that I must condense her statement to me. It was this:

Some years previously her brother—much older than she—had been sent to the galleys. He had had a narrow escape of being executed, indeed, for it was in the "time of the priests," as Monica phrased it, when malefactors used actually to be killed and made an end of. Not that Pasquale was a malefactor! By no means. He was an excellent young man, the pride of his family; but he had had the misfortune to allow his feelings to get the better of him, and—in a word—he had attempted to murder a gentleman, and would have succeeded but that his gun missed fire. And the gentleman had never rested until Pasquale was caged by the myrmidons of the law, declaring (with some reason, it should appear) that his life was not safe while that impetuous youth was at large.

At this point of her story Monica paused, expecting sympathy. I was obliged to disappoint her, and to explain that in my country we had a strong objection to assassins.

"Assassins!" she cried, indignantly; "but Pasquale was no assassin; it was a *vendetta!* A vengeance from jealousy—love jealousy."

I could not say that this altered the case so as to make Pasquale an entirely admirable hero in my eyes; but I was curious to know how the gentleman (whom Monica described as a grand Signore, a great nobleman, rich and proud and splendid) could have been a rival to her brother, the peasant. She explained the matter without circumlocution. Pasquale had had a sweetheart whom he meant to marry some day. This sweetheart—a strikingly beautiful girl, according to Monica's account—had loved, or seemed to love, Pasquale, until one fine day her affections were captivated by the noble gentleman in question, who carried her off to Rome with him, and after a short time abandoned her. Pasquale, who had been for some weeks deceived and hoodwinked, both by his faithless *inamorata* and her seducer, no sooner discovered the truth than he tried to kill the nobleman. What could be more natural? And then Pasquale—*poveretto*—had been hunted for days and days by the *giandarmi* (gens-d'armes), and caught at last and sent to the galleys. What a pity that he had not sent a bullet into the traitor's heart first! That would have been some consolation under the suffering of imprisonment; but as it was, Pasquale's case was really too hard, and calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy.

Such was Monica's story, and such her view of it.

And what, I asked, had become of Pasquale? Oh, he had escaped from the galleys after about a year and a half. But as to what he had been doing since, or where he had been, Monica either could not or would not give any information. He had been "in the Abruzzi," she said, vaguely. Indeed, she believed he had crossed the sea to Sicily. She did not know where Sicily was, but it was a long, long way off. You see, Pasquale could not come home to his old place, because the accursed police would put him in prison again if they caught him. Poor Pasquale!

And the girl whom he had loved? Oh, about her Monica knew nothing. And the fine nobleman? Ah, *he*, the traitor, the wretch, the miscreant, who had set on the *giandarmi* to hunt down poor Pasquale and put him in prison, he was alive, he was flourishing, he was brave with sleek clothes and a gold chain and a horse that shone like satin. She (Monica) had seen him that very morning in Tivoli as he crossed the Piazza. She was but nine years old when poor Pasquale had the misfortune to attempt his murder, but she remembered his face well—well. Might he die assassinated!

"Then it was the sight of this gentleman that put you into such a ferment?" I said.

Truly it was. What else? But now she had spoken, her heart was lighter. She felt easier. But she did not want to see that villain again. The sight of him caused her to "make bad blood." And what could she do? Pasquale was away no one knew where. She could only hope and pray that the saints would pour down evils and misfortunes on the head of that traitor, for he seemed to be beyond the reach of earthly vengeance—more was the pity!

I mused over this story and the strange scene of Monica's violence as I walked down, a little later, to the Villa d'Este to meet Lucy and bring her home to dinner. "What a curious savage the girl is!" thought I. And then I began to consider her from a professional point of view, and to think of making a study of her face in its unrestrained fury, and calling it "Vendetta!" It might not, however, be easy to bring her passion, on that score, up to the boiling-point again. "And even if I could do it," I said to myself, "the experiment would be something like irritating a vigorous young tiger, with the view of studying him in his wrath. There's no reckoning on what she might do."

Lucy met me near the gate of the gardens, and to my surprise I found she was not alone. She was in company with an elderly priest, who took off his great shovel-hat and saluted me with much politeness.

"This gentleman—Don Gregorio Galli," said Lucy, "is a friend of the Princess Corleoni. When he heard that we knew the Princess, he was kind enough to offer to be of service to us here."

"In any way—in any way in my power, Signorina," said Don Gregorio. "You are strangers in Tivoli. Pray let me know if I can give you help or information of any kind. And how was Monsignor Chiappaforti when you left Rome? A man of very distinguished talent—a shining light. Ah, Rome is his true sphere. There his abilities are appreciated. At one time there was a chance of my getting a parish in Rome myself, but circumstances have kept me here. Well, well, we must try to do our duty in our humble way. I shall do myself the pleasure to come and see you, Signorina; meanwhile I have the honor to salute you."

Then Don Gregorio walked off one way, while we pursued the other. He was a meagre, feeble-looking old man, with a weak, self-complacent countenance. I have seldom conversed with any one so dirty or more urbane.

I was put out by his intrusion into our life, although I believed he was not to blame for it. I thought that I was unfairly used in having to submit to Don Gregorio's visits, which were made, of course, with the sole view of Lucy's conversion, while on my side I had faithfully kept my word, and refrained from trying to influence my sister's mind on the subject of religion. This vexed me, and I spoke out what I thought of it, and Lucy protested her belief that Don Gregorio merely came to see us out of pure benevolence and humanity, apart from all thoughts of proselytizing; and the discussion drove Monica and her story out of my head for the rest of that day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONEY ISLAND.

As a popular sea-side resort, Coney Island, of which we give a variety of sketches on our double page, has now no rival in America. Long Branch may possibly gather together a more aristocratic crowd of visitors, Cape May and Newport may plume themselves upon the exclusiveness and refinement of their guests, but Coney Island draws forth the overflowing life of the metropolis, and offers her sunny expanse of wave-washed sand as a play-ground where rich and poor alike may take their pleasure. It is a place whither the overstrained denizens of two great cities may flee for rest and recreation without consuming time that might be valuable for other purposes, and where the enterprise and energy of those who understand how to provide for the pleasure and amusement of the public have contrived to array every attraction that is possible to a watering-place.

Ten years ago Coney Island was a *terra incognita* to the average New York citizen. It had its place on the map of Long Island, and an intelligent school-boy might perhaps have described it as a barren strip of sand extending from Sheepshead Bay on the east to Gravesend Bay on the west, a narrow inlet running from one to the other converting it into an island. The surf was there, however, breaking pleasantly upon soft stretches of sand, and an adventurous few had recognized its advantages as a bathing-place. Occasionally parties would make their way to its shores to enjoy a plunge in the sea, taking with them their own refreshments, and improvising picnics and clam bakes under the protecting shades of huge umbrellas. Those of our readers who have kept their *Weekly* files intact, by referring back to our issue of August 17, 1867, will find a capital sketch of Coney Island as it appeared in those days. Except for a rude pavilion, a few bath-houses, and an eager crowd of human beings watching the surf or splashing in it, there is nothing to be seen but an unbroken stretch of sea and sky and a barren expanse of white sand. Leaving his party behind him, a visitor with any fancy for solitude might have roamed along the beach for hours without meeting a single person. An occasional sand-hill covered with beach-grass might greet his vision, or the remains of a wreck lying bleak and bare against the sky. Like DEMOSTHENES, he might have practiced oratory with the waves for an audience, secure at having none to scoff at his faulty utterance.

Those who talk of the mushroom growth of our Western cities might better spend their wonder and enthusiasm upon our Eastern watering-place. Within a single decade hotels have sprung up like Aladdin's palace, the beach has become for months of the year populous as a city, railroads span the narrow creek at intervals, and steamboats plough their way through the waves to land at immense piers stretching out hundreds of feet from the shore. Formerly all communication with the island was by means of a miserable little line of steamers landing at the extreme western end. A voyage upon one of them was sufficient to deter any respectable pleasure-seeker from making a second visit to Coney Island. Not only were the accommodations of the poorest kind, but the boats were frequently the scene of brawls and quarrels of every description, especially on the return voyage, when the roughs had indulged freely in beer or bad whiskey. Now the journey to Coney Island is one of the pleasantest features of the trip. Railroads leading to various points have been established; the running time is not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, and the accommodations are as luxurious as the most fastidious can require. Of the six or seven lines that are now in operation, two at least have been built in connection with large hotels, the proprietors of which vie with each other in offering inducements to attract visitors.

The Brighton Beach Hotel, opened on the 1st of July, is the latest addition to the numerous places of entertainment at Coney Island. At present it has the feature of novelty added to its other attractions, and indeed it fairly fulfills the expectations of its proprietors, who designed it to be a marvel among sea-side caravansaries. The building itself is Gothic in style, having a frontage of 325 feet on the beach. It is three stories in height, with two large towers and one small one. It is painted a cream-color, relieved by red window-sashes, and fret-work in the cornices of the same color. On the lower floor is the large hall by which travellers come in from the train. At the left is the picnic or restaurant room, which is reserved especially for transient visitors. It is fitted up neatly with tables, and the broad piazzas are occupied in the same manner. Opposite the lunch-room is the hotel office. Beyond this, on the right, is the main dining-room, open on three sides toward the sea. Here are placed tables, which also overflow upon the broad verandas. The latter are fifty feet wide, and extend around three sides of the house. It is calculated that in the regular dining-room 3500 people may be served in case of emergency. It is 126 by 60 feet, and the Eastlake style is maintained in the furnishing of tables and chairs. The kitchens and pantries are fitted up with all the most improved appliances of culinary art. Up stairs on the main floor the chief room is the parlor—a sumptuous apartment, 80 feet by 40, covered with a heavy Wilton carpet of dark red color, and furnished with Eastlake sets in dark green raw silk, with lambrequins to match. Just beyond this, to the left, are three rooms engaged by the New York Club for the season. They are richly furnished. The bedrooms on this floor are richly carpeted, and furnished with tasteful Eastlake sets in ash with polished maple panelling. The rooms open upon one another, and a large number may be thrown together. In the house there are 164 rooms, capable of accommodating 300 people. Upon the second floor, at the rear, is a private dining-room for the guests of the hotel. This is neatly furnished, and is intended to secure the regular patrons of the hotel from the crush which usually attends the serving of meals on Saturday and Sunday.

Sumptuous as the Brighton Beach establishment is, it by no means eclipses its older rival, the Manhattan Beach Hotel. Here there are three immense buildings. The first is the main hotel; the second, the Pavilion connected with it, and intended as an outlet for the surplus guests which overflow every part of the original caravansary. Although belonging to the same company, the Pavilion is under the management of a director and superintendent of its own, and can accommodate several thousand picnic and restaurant guests. It is a well-built, gas-lighted, open wooden structure, with a kitchen in the basement supplied with steam-tables for meats, and steam-heated china and delf closets, and an immense range, covered with an iron awning overhead to catch all the exhalations from the baking, broiling, and frying, and carry them through ventilators and escape pipes up the flues of the great chimneys. Not an odor from below betrays to the guests above that there is such a thing as a kitchen on the premises. An idea may be formed of the scale in which the housekeeping of the Pavilion is carried on if a visit is paid to these under-ground regions. A railway track runs into the house, with the ice-house and wine-cellar on one side of it and the store-rooms on the other, and this is only an appendage to the Beach Hotel. The third great building is the Amphitheatre, where visitors may sit and look out upon the ocean, watch the bathers, and listen to the music of the band. This structure has a seating capacity of 3500, and was erected for the express accommodation of spectators.

CABLE'S hotel deserves special mention as being the pioneer among the better-class establishments at Coney Island. It was first built on a large scale, with a railroad as a sort of annex. It was so far superior to all the others previously constructed that for a year or two it enjoyed undisputed supremacy. It continues to do so still, so far as the western third of the island is concerned. The Prospect Park and Coney Island road has its southern terminus at this point. Unfortunately for the continued success of CABLE'S, the northern terminus is, like that of the original railroad, at Greenwood Cemetery, and can be reached only by horse-cars from the ferries. When one has finally reached this line, after three-quarters of an hour's ride in horse-cars, the beach, five miles distant, can be reached in twenty minutes; but the fatigue of the first part of the journey is so great that few repeat it. This line will hardly be profitable after this season unless it devises some means, by elevated or depressed roads, of rapid transit to Hamilton and Fulton ferries. CABLE'S is still an excellent and popular resort, on account of its surroundings—the band which it maintains, the neighboring hotels and dancing-halls. The main drive from Brooklyn, one of the most beautiful in the world, and the Grand Concourse, lead almost directly to CABLE'S.

After these three great hotels there are a large number of ordinary size which attract visitors, some who desire more seclusion than may be enjoyed at the great caravansaries, and others whose pockets are so scantily lined that they must perforce look out for cheaper accommodations. There is one other point, however, which will always remain a favorite stopping-place for many. The old end of the island, NORTON & MURRAY'S end, has lost none of its prestige since the new end has come into prominence. There are many New Yorkers who do not look upon any other place as the real, old, genuine Coney Island. The crowds that gather there every Sunday, and, indeed, every day, are in no way inferior to those of the other and newer end of the island. The only way to reach Coney Island by the all-water route is by landing at NORTON & MURRAY'S, and thousands of persons who have no particular choice in the hotels go in this way, immeasurably preferring the cool and pleasant steamboat ride to a dusty journey in the cars. The fare by this route, too, is lower than by any of the other lines, and passengers by the boat are always sure of the most courteous treatment. Around NORTON & MURRAY'S many side shows are scattered. The shooting-galleries are, without number, jumping at you unexpectedly from every corner. There are weighing-machines and picture-galleries and all the outside amusements possible. There is no cooler place on all the island, and it is doubtful whether there is one as cool as NORTON & MURRAY'S Pavilion directly on the beach, where the best of every thing is to be had. The sea-breeze has a clear sweep here, and the thermometer is always low and the visitors comfortable. Many persons who do not care to wander all over the island in the sun take the boat to this place, cool off in the shade or with a fine surf bath, and go back again in the evening without setting foot off NORTON & MURRAY'S domains at all.

The amusements to be enjoyed at Coney Island are as manifold as the tastes of the visitors. As already suggested, the island offers every variety of pleasure that can be looked for at a watering-place. First of all there is the bathing, which may be enjoyed without any of the drawbacks that often accompany it. The bathing-houses are placed close to the surf, and there is no unpleasant walk to be taken over the burning sand in wet clothes; again, there are no pebbles on the beach to hurt the feet and make the awkward bathing shoe a necessity. Surf-boats are at hand in case of accident, which, however, must result from the foolhardiness of bathers, for there are always life-lines to indicate where danger begins. At night there are calcium-lights thrown upon the sea, so that the darkness offers no hindrance to an evening bath. At the Manhattan Beach there are some beautiful effects of light, purple glasses being used, which give a weird appearance to the surf and those who are enjoying it. From bathing it requires but a short intellectual process to be convinced of the propriety of visiting the Aquarium. Here are a variety of other animals, who have a sort of proprietary right to salt-water enjoyments. They are, so to speak, successful rivals of man in this kind of pleasure. The main building of the Aquarium, which is situated near CABLE'S hotel, is 250 feet wide by 150 long, and contains all kinds of amphibious animals, including seals, sea-lions, and—if the proprietors are fortunate in securing a healthy specimen that will consent to live in the contracted quarters allowed him—a whale. The new Observatory is also a point of attraction. From the summit there is not only a fine ocean view, but an excellent panorama of all the surrounding towns and bays. On a clear day Long Branch may be distinctly seen. One attraction of the new tower, which might not occur to ordinary thinkers, has been discovered by a writer for the New York *Times*, suggested possibly by the difficulties encountered in doing his duty to his paper amid the distractions of Coney Island. He says: "The availabilities of this tower as a means of committing suicide have never been put properly before the public. The commonplace North River or East River piers, and even the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, pale and grow dim before this tremendous height, from which a man may cast himself and never even have the discomfort of knowing which end struck first. There have, no doubt, been many persons at Coney Island on a Sunday who committed suicide on Monday (though there need be no connection between the two). This tower should be brought before the notice of people who are on the verge, not only on account of its extraordinary facilities, but because, also, of the great saving to this corporation in the matter of coroners' fees."

A journey to different parts of the island is also a pleasant way of passing the time. Stages

run every half hour from Manhattan Beach Hotel to the Hotel Brighton, and Park carriages (just like those in Central Park) and other vehicles run from the Brighton to Cable's, and other stages, again, from that point to Norton & Murray's. The fares are fifteen and ten cents. The Marine Railway round fare is also ten cents, making the whole round trip from one end of the island to the other and back again eighty cents. The donkeys on the beach are also an attraction, but these appeal chiefly to the little ones, who are also the main patrons of the candy man, the pea-nut vendor, and Punch and Judy, all of whom flourish blandly on the sands at Coney Island.

Altogether, our new watering-place—new in its attractive features, that is—deserves as much enthusiasm as the English lavish upon their Brighton. There is only one thing needed to make it perfect, and that is a cottage system which shall secure quiet and retirement for those whose taste leads in that direction. This will certainly come in time, for we learn that there is a plan in contemplation to convert the east end into a park, where small summer residences will be erected for those who desire to hire or purchase them. It is proposed to begin the work by digging away the sand to a depth of several feet, and filling the space with loam rich enough to nourish grass and shrubs, if not trees. The ground thus made will be laid out in the best style of landscape gardening. Miniature lakes will also be introduced, and every arrangement made to produce picturesque effects. When this is all accomplished, the buildings will be commenced. There is no reason why the whole work should not be successfully done in a short time, and New York have a cottage city, like that of Martha's Vineyard, within a few miles of its most populous streets. The wealth is here, and also the enterprise. There is no reason why our popular watering-place should not be invested with every device that will insure the patronage of all classes, and Coney Island become the grand sea-side resort of the American people.

KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

It is a curious and perhaps unparalleled circumstance in English administrative annals that during a tenure of office which has now lasted four years the Prime Minister has had but one garter at his disposal. Mr. Gladstone, during a five years' Premiership, had at least five blue ribbons to give away, while four of the present knights date from the period of Conservative rule in 1866–68, which lasted less than two years and a half. Several foreign princes have, indeed, been admitted to the order since 1874, the last being Humbert I. of Italy; but these are "extra knights," twenty-five ribbons having been reserved for subjects not descendants of George II., by the statute of 1805. Very likely a minister does not think himself unfortunate in being relieved from the responsibility of making a selection from the always numerous candidates for this most coveted of honors. "For every blue ribbon I give away," said Louis XIV., speaking of the Order of the Holy Ghost, "I make one ungrateful and eleven disappointed persons." Lord Melbourne, who would turn pale whenever he saw a letter bordered with black on his breakfast table, fearing it announced the death of a bishop, may well have felt a similar uneasiness when called upon to decide what peer should be granted the privilege of having the letters K.G. put after his name.

How eagerly that privilege has been sought is matter of history. For five centuries it may almost be said to have been "the last infirmity of noble minds" in England, and, since 1603, in Scotland too. Probably, indeed, a good deal of the social bitterness with which North Britons were long regarded in London was due to the fact that they obtained from the Stuart kings far more than their share of honors, and notably an undue proportion of blue ribbons. James I., by-the-way, while as yet only the Sixth of Scotland, was generally understood to have accepted the Garter from Queen Elizabeth by way of compensation for his mother's loss of her head. But the English Queen judiciously supplemented the gift of the George with a pension of £5000 a year. One of William III.'s allies among the German princes thought money could hardly be weighed in the scale with a Garter. His Serene Highness had long and persistently demanded a subsidy of £400,000, but cheerfully agreed to accept £100,000 *plus* the blue ribbon. Opinions differ. The late Lord Fitzwilliam, on being offered the same distinction, asked what it would cost him, and on being told "about a thousand pounds," said he thought he could find a better use for the money.

The Garter has been in fact, though not in name, a quasi-hereditary honor. At certain epochs one finds it running in certain families, which then exercised the greatest authority in the state. During the first three centuries of the existence of the order the decoration was not confined by precedent to peers. As late as the eighteenth century Walpole received the Garter while still a member of the House of Commons; so, about fifty years later, did Lord North. The younger Pitt was also offered the blue ribbon; while declining it for himself, he begged it for his brother. The king assented; but, while conferring the ribbon on Lord Chatham, said he wished it to be understood that the honor was accorded in consideration of the services rendered to the crown by all the members of the family. The last member of the House of Commons who was a K.G. was Lord Palmerston. A century ago he would have been designated in debate, like his predecessor in the Premiership, as "the noble lord with the blue ribbon." But then Lord North wore his ribbon in the House. A Commoner, being a Knight of the Garter, ranks immediately after the eldest sons of barons, and immediately before Privy Councillors, this being the position assigned him by letters patent issued in the reign of James I.

Of foreign princes, the Emperors of Austria, Russia, and Brazil are Knights of the Order; so is the German Emperor, as well as his eldest son and eldest grandson. The sovereigns of Greece and Persia (in strange juxtaposition), as well as the sovereigns of Italy, Denmark, Portugal, and Belgium, are also knights, as are several princes of the German Empire. The Sultan and the Kings of Spain and Sweden have still to receive the honor. Unlike the Golden Fleece, conferred on Marshal M'Mahon and M. Thiers, the Garter has not in our age been bestowed on the Chief Magistrate of a republic.

Ladies were occasionally admitted as Companions of the Order down to the reign of Edward IV., who, for the greater contentment of his subjects on the other side of St. George's Channel, instituted an Irish Garter. The sister order was, however, abolished by act of Parliament, 10 Henry VII., 1494.

Three clergymen are always members of the order according to modern custom; and it is as prelate of the order that the Bishop of Winchester takes precedence of all other bishops, excepting those of London and Durham.

The Order of the Garter may be said to be interwoven with the very constitution of England. The roll of the lords spiritual and temporal is still called "Garter's Roll;" while the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod is appointed under the great seal of the order. It is not surprising that under the circumstances an extraordinary value should have attached to some of the external and visible symbols of the order, which are, in fact, among the heir-looms of the crown of England. Readers of Izaak Walton's life will remember how, after the battle of Worcester, the fugitive Charles, by way of expressing to Walton his high sense of the latter's loyalty, employed him on the dangerous and honorable service of conveying the "Lesser George" to a place of safety. The Lesser George is the badge fastened on to the ribbon; the Greater George, or George proper, being worn suspended from the golden collar. Down to the reign of Charles II. the ribbon was worn across the neck, as the ribbon of a Knight Commander of the Bath is still worn. The custom of wearing it over the left shoulder is said to have been introduced by accident. The Duchess of Portsmouth, with French taste, had arranged it in that way across her little son's breast; with which fashion the king was so much pleased that he adopted it for himself, the other knights of course following suit. The child in question was created Duke of Richmond at the age of three, and installed a Knight of the Garter before he had completed his ninth year. He was the ancestor of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who, some men say, will one day be the Premier of a Conservative cabinet.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 11.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 25.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

The publication of the correspondence between the Emperor of Germany and Leo XIII. proves conclusively that the reconciliation of Berlin and Rome is not to be looked for in the near future. The first letter of Emperor William is dated March 24, and is in answer to the announcement of Leo's election. After a courtly congratulation of the Pope, the Emperor comes at once to the point of difficulty: "I rejoice to gather from the friendly sentiments expressed by your Holiness that you will use the mighty influence over all the servants of your Church constitutionally belonging to you, to induce those among them who have hitherto been remiss in this duty [of obedience to the state] to imitate the examples of their congregations and observe the laws of the state." In reply to this the Pope wrote that he hoped the way to a good understanding might be prepared by a change in the laws of Prussia. On June 10, the Crown Prince, who is for the time being practically regent, replied to this point decisively: "No Prussian sovereign will be able to comply with the demand put forward in your letter of April 17, that the charter and laws of Prussia be modified in accordance with the exigencies of the statutes of your Church. The independence of the kingdom would be impaired by making its legislation dependent upon the consent of a foreign power. To preserve this independence is a duty I owe to my ancestors and my country; but though I can not hope to reconcile opposite principles, whose antagonism has been more severely felt in Germany than any where else for a period exceeding one thousand years, I am willing to treat the difficulties resulting to both parties from this hereditary conflict in a pacific and conciliatory spirit, in harmony with my Christian convictions."

The London *Times* Berlin correspondent states that Germany is gratified "by the calm dignity of the Crown Prince in maintaining German independence." The strong point of the Prussian case is that the concessions refused to Prussia have been made "to Austria, Bavaria, and other German states." Kaiser and Pope will stand in unchanged positions as regards one another.

Some one proposes to erect on the Thames Embankment, London, a Presbyterian cathedral in memory of John Knox. A Presbyterian cathedral would hardly be an appropriate monument to the great reformer, who detested cathedrals. An endowment is part of the project.

The recognition of the principle of religious liberty in the concession of independence by the Berlin Congress to Roumania is universally regarded as a happy omen for the future of Eastern Europe. It is especially grateful to the Jewish people. "For the first time in the history of man," says the *Jewish Messenger*, "a nation's claim to existence as a state is made dependent upon its acceptance of the great principle of religious equality for all creeds. Thirty years ago but one of the powers represented at Berlin accorded the Jew full civil rights; and successively in Great Britain, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Turkey have the barriers been swept away that separated the Hebrew from his neighbors. Can Russia long delay the concession in her own dominions of the civil and religious equality which her veteran Chancellor sustained as the right of the Jews in Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia?"

"The Habitual Drunkards Bill" has passed to a second reading in the British House of Commons by unanimous consent. Under its provisions a drunkard may go before a magistrate and agree to remain in an asylum or retreat for twelve months. When this is done, the institution will have control of his person for that length of time. Much is, therefore, intrusted to the magistrate's discretion. He must determine whether the surrender of his liberty is made by the drunkard in a lucid interval, and with a full knowledge of the consequences of the act. There are already in England fourteen private institutions for the treatment of drunkards; it is stated that about thirty-three per cent. of their patients are permanently cured. It was admitted that 34,000 men and 14,000 women in Great Britain are habitual drunkards. This bill, which is likely to pass the House of Commons, is interesting in its mode of legalizing the detention of a habitual drunkard for a specified period of time.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union at its recent meeting in Buffalo resolved to circulate petitions to Congress asking for the appointment of Catholic chaplains for the army and navy. The Union claimed that "the rank and file of the army and navy are more than two-thirds Catholics." The accuracy of this estimate may be very reasonably questioned. A "soldier," who has served many years in the United States army, writes to the Buffalo *Advocate* that he does "not believe the army want Roman Catholic priests appointed chaplains. Neither does he believe that the enlisted men or officers will thank any one for endeavoring to force such upon them." This soldier calls attention also to the fact that many of the posts "are so situated that the enlisted men can attend any church they choose, and every facility is given for their so doing." The subject is likely to assume some importance if the measure suggested by the Union is pushed.

What England has undertaken in offering to insure good government throughout Asiatic Turkey will appear from the memorial presented to the Foreign Secretary of State by the Armenian Committee of London. The Armenians in the Turkish Empire number 4,000,000. They are commingled with the Moslem population; in some districts they are more numerous than their Moslem neighbors, in others less. They are subjected to oppressive taxation, can obtain no justice in the courts, and are excluded from the police and the army. In addition they are harassed by wandering tribes of Kurds, who claim the Armenians as serfs, rob them, and sell them at pleasure. The Turkish government is either indifferent to these Kurd outrages or unable to punish them. The Armenians pray for British interposition, which England has now bound herself to accord.

In the appeal of Mr. Mackonochie to the higher court, judgment has been reserved. The Lord Chief Justice, however, plainly intimated his opinion of the practices of St. Alban's Church. He said: "It is clear that a man can not be allowed to remain a minister of the Church of England, and yet in his practice upset the doctrines of the Church of England, and set the ordinances of the Church of England at defiance. I can understand a man becoming a martyr for the sake of his opinions, but I can not understand a man remaining in the Church, setting the ordinances of the Church at defiance, and yet being beyond the reach of proceedings of this kind, supposing them to be legal. This is, in fact, a question whether in a praiseworthy attempt to uphold the law of the Church there has been a departure from the proper proceedings."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The intense heat of the third week in July spread from west to east. While its effects were most fatal in St. Louis, this was due more to local conditions than to an actual rise in the thermometer so much greater than elsewhere prevailed; for in several other places the mercury rose even higher than in that city. St. Louis is a very hot city—built on a bed of sand, low in a valley, surrounded by hills which shut off every breeze, the heat accumulates there as in a reservoir.

As to New York city the heated terms of past years have been even more severe than that so recently experienced. The record kept by the United States Signal Service at the station on the top of the Equitable Building shows the range of the thermometer during the heated terms since 1871, when the station was established. The figures are of interest, although it should be remembered that they are several degrees lower than they would be on the level of the street, or in other places more directly exposed to the radiation from heated stone and brick. The summer of 1871 was remarkably cool, the highest point reached by the thermometer at the Signal Bureau being 86°, and that only on one day. In 1872, during the first week of July, the temperature was in the nineties several days, ranging from 93° to 95°. Again, from August 11 to August 15, it reached 90° each day, and later in the month went still higher. On July 3, 1873, the thermometer marked 94°, and for a week during the later part of the month was about 90°. The hottest day in 1874 was in June—the 29th—when the mercury rose to 93°. In 1875 the warm period was long, but the greatest heat did not reach us until the latter part of August, when, during a hot week, the thermometer marked 94°. The summer of 1876 will be remembered by all who were in this city during the long-continued heated spell which began June 24, when for three weeks, with scarcely a break, the mercury remained among the nineties, 99° being the highest point reached. In 1877 there were very few hot days, 93° being reached in July. On July 19 of the present year the thermometer at the United States Signal Service marked 94°—the hottest day of the heated term; but of course records on the street level were much higher, as in past years. In 1872 the suffering caused by the sudden heat was intense, and in this city seventy persons died from sunstroke in a single day. In 1876 the long-continued and steady heat was exceedingly prostrating. During the recent heated term, beginning with Thursday, July 18, there were reported in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City 139 cases of direct prostration from sunstroke, thirty of which were fatal. This number of course does not include those whose death was hastened by the heated atmosphere, which aggravated diseases with which they were suffering.

The telegraphic reports of the Weather Bureau were of great practical service to the country during the progress of the torrid wave through it. They enabled people to prepare for it by avoiding special excitement and fatigue, and by arranging their affairs so that all their work might be as easy as possible.

Those strange noises in the vicinity of Bald Mountain, North Carolina, have been investigated. Without pretending to give the explanation in exact scientific terms, it may be stated that this mountain has *not* attained the dignity of a volcano, but that the noises are believed to be caused by fragments of rock which have become detached from the roofs of caverns, and fall thundering through the resounding spaces excavated by chemical action, and send vibrations and terrifying sounds into the outer air to scare the residents on the mountain-sides.

The chief result of the International Literary Congress at Paris was a determination to organize an International Literary Association. One of the first objects of this association will doubtless be to advocate the establishment of international copyright.

The Shah of Persia has evidently been "sponged" during his visit in Paris. It is reported that his expenses at the Grand Hotel were $680 a day. He was charged, according to extracts from his disputed bill at Fontainebleau, $2 apiece for peaches, $5 each for cigars, $12 for a melon, $160 for three carriage drives, $300 for flowers, and other things in proportion.

In Brooklyn, not many days ago, the news that there were several cases of yellow fever at the Navy-yard startled the more timid portion of the community. There is little doubt but that the germs of the disease were brought from Havana in the ballast of the bark *Juanita;* that it was not disinfected, but dumped between two receiving-ships moored in the creek leading from the Cobb Dock. This creek was in a dreadfully filthy condition, and while dredging was going on, the disease appeared on board of one of these ships. The time was, and not long ago, when an epidemic might be expected after such exposure; but the precautions now taken in such cases, the powerful disinfectants used, and the results of medical science in general are so applied that the spread of contagion is almost certain to be arrested. Such is believed to be the case in this instance, as the Board of Health adopted extreme measures. It is well to remember, however, that uncleanliness and intemperance are the best friends of yellow fever, and invite its approach. So, also, unreasoning fear. A little fable is related to the effect that the Plague, on being asked by a hermit where he was going, responded, "I am bound to yonder city, to kill 5000 persons." On his return the hermit again accosted the Plague, and said that instead of 5000, 20,000 had died. "True," answered the Plague; "yet I took but my 5000; fear killed the rest."

About nine years ago the cashier of the Merchants' Exchange National Bank defrauded the bank of over $42,000. He was arrested, but fled from justice, and became an exile from family and country. Recently he returned to this city, under the impression that he was safe, after the lapse of more than seven years, by the statute of limitations; but as an indictment had been previously found against him, he was arrested and committed to prison—a man broken down and ruined by his crime.

Oatmeal and water is recommended as a safe and grateful beverage to those exposed to excessive heat. In summer it is regularly served to the men in the navy, and it would be a good substitute for spirits or beer, or even for ice-water, among workmen.

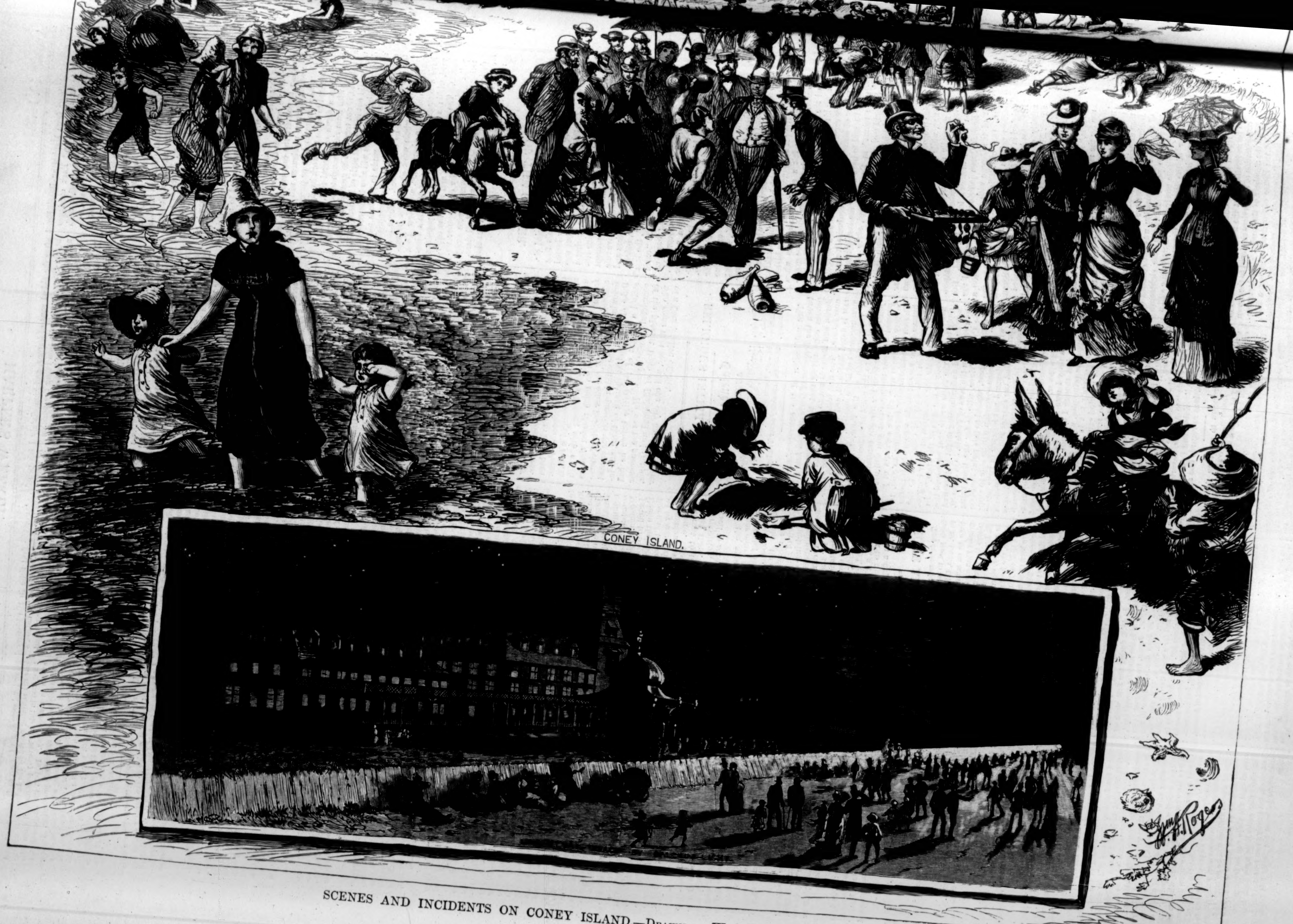
It is very true what an exchange says: "The best way to keep cool is to move about. It has been found that it is more laborious to sit still than to be active." But the moving about should be on the most quiet and deliberate scale.

During our hot week the physicians of the Board of Health visited 2692 houses, making calls upon 33,076 families. They filled 1117 prescriptions for sick children, and distributed 603 tickets for the St. John's Guild excursions.

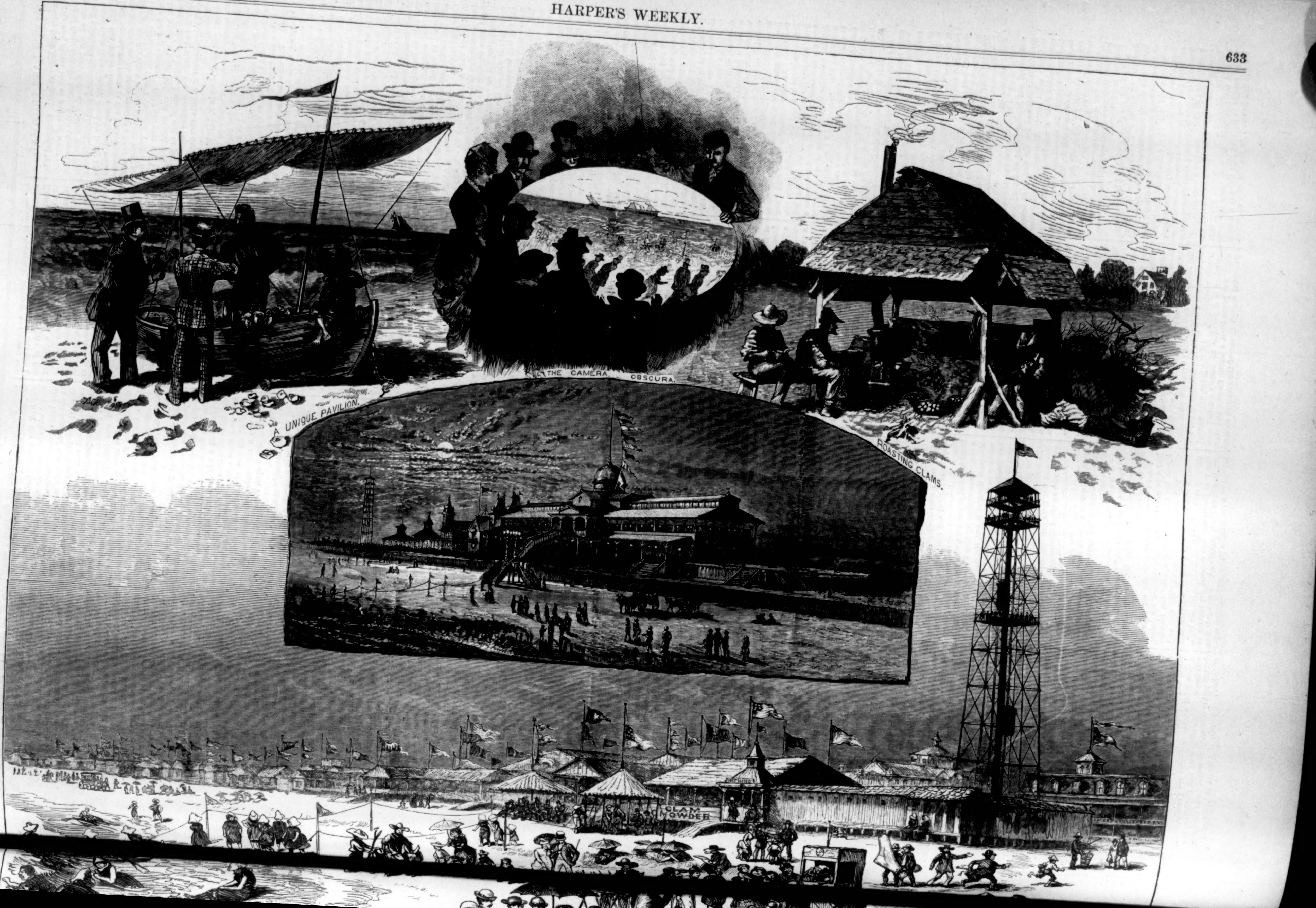
Experiments for relieving the rapid transit din are still going on. It is hoped that the noise will soon be modified very materially.

It is said that in nearly all the recent encounters with the Indians they have been found to be quite as well equipped with modern and improved implements of warfare as are our own soldiers.

Some time last winter a meeting was held of citizens of Philadelphia to consider the need of a better regulation of civic charities. A competent committee was appointed to report a plan to regulate charitable relief and to suppress street begging. Recently another large meeting was held to hear the report of this committee. It recommends a general board of directors to supervise the charitable work of the city, and to control the finances. The city will be divided into districts, supplied with offices and superintendents. These district superintendents will be in constant communication with a central superintendent. Thus it is expected that there will be formed a body of intelligent and efficient experts, in complete mutual understanding with each other and with all the existing charitable societies. But a more important body still will be a large corps of lady visitors, who are expected to exert a beneficial influence upon the needy and worthy poor, to guard against the habit of leaning upon help unduly, and by all possible means to inspire the disheartened with hope and self-reliance. This corps of women visitors will be so large as to put but a small number of cases under each one's personal care, so that the visits can be frequent and efficient. The whole plan relies little upon mere machinery and paid work, but chiefly upon personal and sympathetic intercourse between the needy and those who help them.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 630.]


A UNIQUE PAVILION.
THE CAMERA OBSCURA.
ROASTING CLAMS.
CLAM CHOWDER

VIOLET'S LAST PROPOSAL.

A LETTER from Betsy at last! Crumpled it is, and fly-stained, divers bits of paper of many colors, one of them actually bearing the crossed-out signature of the poor dead and gone Mrs. Higgins, and another a mutilated page bearing marks of a calculation for tailoring done by Betsy herself; but the whole funny compilation makes me look around my room in the boarding-house as any prisoner might upon gaining a brief boon of liberty, for the letter comes straight from the dear old mountains that I thought Violet had spoiled for me forever. Only one year ago Violet lay upon yonder bed, and having just got Farmer Higgins's letter, I called out to her that at last I had secured a boarding-place for us where I might hope for a little rest during this one holiday.

"What sort of a place is it, Lide?" said my sister, turning her head languidly on the pillow and looking over at me with her tricksy brown eyes. Not that she was sick. I'm not going to introduce you to an interesting invalid—oh no; if any body could lay claim to sympathy in that way, it was the rack of bones of which I was composed. We were both school-teachers; but Violet was not much more than a monitor as yet, while I had climbed the weary grade of promotion to a vice-principal. Violet gave me a great deal of trouble; it seemed to me at times that all my care and interest could not keep her position for her, and the bare thought of her being idle and away from me made me tremble. I would have been glad to support her in idleness, for she was little more than a child, and all I had in the world, but I could not have her out of my sight.

Not that she had any secret tendency to lunacy, kleptomania, or any thing of that kind. She was only an incorrigible flirt—that was all; but that was enough. You would think so if you happened to be of her sex, and under the roof with her abode your brother or sweetheart, or uncle or grandfather. It made no difference whether it began with a disinclination on one side or both—sometimes this was an incentive. It mattered little whether the party was prepossessing or otherwise, old or young, grave or gay, stupid or bright; it was all the same to Violet. During the last two years I had been afflicted with no less than seven offers of marriage in her behalf, five of them wholly ineligible; one I looked upon with a great degree of favor, which destroyed its every chance of success; and the other, that of the principal of our male department, Mr. Baxter, filled me with a sickening sense of the rough-and-tumble way in which pearls were cast before swine. Here was a man of mature age, of commanding intellect, of absorbing occupation, deliberately duping himself with the idea that his happiness depended upon a vain, silly chit of nineteen, when within the four walls with him, right under his injudicious nose, were several women who would have been admirable companions for him in every way, suitable in age and intellect and appreciation, each and all of them so worthy and deserving of a rest from toil, and the love of a manly heart. But he was completely infatuated; and when, driven to desperation, I consented to her marrying him, and, as usual, she was surprised and shocked, and couldn't entertain the idea for a moment, he gave me to understand, with an air of icy disdain, that it was merely a personal feeling upon my part which was the obstacle to his happiness. She certainly did wear an air of secret sorrow in his presence, as she did in that of each of her rejected suitors: her eyes sometimes filled with tears, her voice trembled. At such moments these men have looked upon me in a way that was positively violent: between the seven of them my life was not worth a half-penny. Vacation did not come a day too soon for the salvation of my sanity, if not of my life. How could I help, then, turning to this letter of Farmer Higgins as a refuge from these persistent and ubiquitous evils?

"It is a sort of place," I replied to my sister, "where it is impossible for you to do any mischief. It is in the heart of the Catskills—"

Her eyes brightened; an almost imperceptible smile touched her lips.

"Not a hotel, my dear," I said, quickly, "nor a boarding-house, nor yet in the vicinity of boarders, nor peopled by a race of men that you will find available for your wiles; and anyway there is only one man—the farmer himself. He has a termagant sickly wife and five young children; the hired men go away to sleep, and get to work at daybreak; it is five miles from the nearest village, and not a house within walking distance."

"There must be a doctor and a minister," said Violet, reflectively.

"Not at all," I rejoined; "the people up there understand the healing power of herbs; a surgeon is only required for the setting of bones, and lives miles away. The minister rides over every Sunday from a neighboring parish, only leaving his pulpit to mount his horse and go back again. I think it will do, Violet," I added, eagerly; "I really think it will do. I must have rest, or I shall lose my senses."

"And so you shall have rest, dear," said Violet, "and we'll have a real splendid time together, just you and I!"

And we did, for about a week. I began to understand the nature of Violet's magnetism. Her beauty was chiefly remarkable in that it was never the same from one moment to another. Her color went and came; her voice took every inflection, from the wildest gayety to the tenderest melancholy, and the present moment, wherever or whatever it might be, seemed always the one she held rarest and best. She had a wonderful power of adaptability. I found her capable of entering into my ideas of pleasure with a zest that cheated me into believing they were her own. It can readily be believed that there is a certain limit to this power. At the end of a week Violet began to materially increase and widen our sphere of enjoyment. To my delight, one day I found myself whisked away out of sight of the two or three mountains by which we were shut in, and introduced to some of the same range in the adjacent country. It was particularly stipulated that there were to be no drives, as it was haying time, and the horses were constantly in demand.

"If it was in the beginnin' or in the fag-eend of the season," said Farmer Higgins, "we mought manage it, but jest when the crap is in the grass, we can't think of it, you see, not for any money."

But he did think of it, and not for very much money either. However Violet managed it, we went bumping along the rocky roads in the very heart of many a brilliant afternoon, the children that I smuggled along nestling with me in the fragrant hay in the body of the wagon, while Violet was perched high on the front seat by the side of Mr. Higgins, chatting with him quite earnestly, with a pretty air of interest in her shining eyes. It would quite have spoiled my ride to sit on that broad seat, with not even a leathern strap to my back, with Farmer Higgins in such close proximity. He wore stockings now, to be sure, and as little Becky said, "pappy had a collar on," but there was a strange odor about him—a mixture of the barn-yard, of tobacco, of perspiration, and the rank weeds he had been mowing down. Then he was far from assimilating in person to the wondrous beauty of the place and the season. His hands were covered with warts and freckles, the muscles of his arms stood out like whip-cords, and the hairs thereon were many inches long. He was extremely yellow and lantern-jawed, and had that shuffling, deprecatory manner that marks a hen-pecked man.

"To think of this beautiful bit of earth," said Violet, during our first week, "holding but the one man—and such a man! He's ugly, he's stingy, he's grasping, he's brutal, he's timid."

"He's simply an animal," I said.

"There are animals and animals," said Vi. "Some are capable of cultivation."

And now, at the end of a fortnight, she was content to ride close by his side for hours at a time.

"Let's take turns, Vi," I said at last, with a burst of generosity and self-reproach. "I'll bear the agony of the front seat next time."

"No, Lide," she replied; "don't think of it. He wouldn't go, and we should have to stay at home. I don't mind it—I don't indeed."

I looked at her earnestly, and a sudden glint of her mocking eyes was like a revelation to me. I fell back aghast. "You don't mean to say, Violet," I began, "that you—you—have—ahem! —have gained any influence over this person—that you are making yourself agreeable to him in any way?"

"I should be sorry to be impolite or rude to any body," she replied, demurely. "He's a human creature, Lide—in the rough, to be sure, but with hidden capabilities. We never can tell what a diamond is till the polishing process begins. In the mean time the experiment is interesting."

"Interesting!" I repeated, and fell back in my chair. It was as plain as a pipe-stem. She was carrying on a mild flirtation with this weak rustic.

"The elevation of the human race," continued Vi, "has always been a hobby of mine. Just think of it, Lide. Mr. Higgins has consented to have a suit of clothes—a whole suit. Not made to order, nor, indeed, ready-made, and I regret to add that his faith in a friendly tailoress induces him to believe that his black pantaloons can be turned; but he is willing to leave it in the hands of Betsy Crouch the tailoress, who lives at Deertown, and goes out to work for two-and-sixpence a day and her board. We are going after Betsy to-day, and the ride will be a glorious one; there's a water-fall by the way, you lucky woman, and we dip into a strip of woodland, a twilight of solemn and mysterious verdure, and we emerge again upon a semblage of green fragrant with those wild raspberries that melt in your mouth and ravish your nostrils. It's a sacrifice on my part, for, from little hints of Farmer Higgins's, I fear me much this capable Betsy is an old flame of his. He has propitiated his wife's favor by promising to bring her two bottles of the Spinal Renovator for her poor back. But where is the consolation for my lacerated heart if this Betsy Crouch should stir the dregs of his old passion?" Here Violet put back her head and laughed till the tears hung on her long lashes. And what could I do but go to Deertown? I made up my mind that Violet needed a keeper as much as any lunatic, and resolved that no spot on earth could be made into a comfortable asylum for the quality of such a mania.

We brought Betsy back with us, and as I looked at her fair, fat, and forty charms, I wondered how Mr. Higgins could have so bungled his matrimonial venture. But Betsy told me as we jolted along that poor Mrs. Higgins had a fairish bit of money and a nice strip of the adjoining land, and I could plainly imagine how a sour face, a weak back, and a scolding tongue were no hinderances to the bargain.

"She's been failin' awful this year or so back," said Betsy, "and John Higgins can jolt the daylights out of us all, but no Spinal Renovator won't do her no good. He must be powerful anxious to get home. I'm all of a jelly."

I knew his anxiety was chiefly begot by Violet's love of fast driving, but we did indeed find the poor woman "tuckered out," as she said, when we reached home. In spite of the Spinal Renovator she grew worse day by day, and on Saturday she took to her bed. Betsy had to put by her shears and attend to the house, and though the scrubbing and scouring were somewhat abated, there was a wondrous improvement in the domestic atmosphere. All the place ever wanted to make it a paradise of homely comfort and cheer was peace from a biting tongue, and that was quiet enough in one of the up-stairs rooms, where the hapless woman lay for many a weary day, attended faithfully by Betsy and Mr. Higgins, who took the nursing turn and turn about, and bore it with cheerful resignation. Instead of the sour face of the farmer's wife, there shone now at the head of the table the rosy one of Betsy Crouch; and every day it grew more and more rubicund, what with tasting the domestic wines and a hearty partaking of the numerous good things about the place. The tailoring for the present was held in abeyance, as Betsy said "there was no knowin' what mought happen, and the pantaloon stuff bein' of a purplish-gray, could do for the boys in case of any sudden orderin' of Providence, while she could turn John Higgins's black ones, and make 'em e'en-a'most as good as new."

This "orderin' of Providence" began to take so practical a shape in the minds of these simple people that I found to my consternation they were even forestalling the awful capabilities of the future in a way that shocked my less frank and more fastidious taste. Mr. Higgins grew more and more solemn every day, but kept his stockings on and always wore a collar. And there was a remarkable speculation in his eyes when they rested upon Violet that frightened her as well as myself.

One night, narrowly escaping him in the hallway, Violet ran in to me quite pale and trembling. "Oh, Lide, let's go home. Please take me home."

"With all my heart, Vi;" and the very next day we started for the city.

Mrs. Higgins was too ill to be disturbed, but the rest of the household took our departure sorely to heart, the children calling after us to come back again, and kindly tears rolling down the honest face of Betsy Crouch as she opened the gate for the farmer to drive through. His hands were unsteady, and his face was pale through the tan and freckles. A singular change had come to the farmer. He was cleaner, he was quieter, he was wonderfully humanized. There was a sort of pathos in the broken smile with which he listened to Violet's conversation.

We had reached the top of the steep hill that overlooked the stage road. Violet looked eagerly for the yellow lumbering wheels of the coach that was to speed us on our way. I was somewhat charmed and terrified with the rugged grandeur of the ravines on either side of us. One false tug of the reins and we were done for; in Farmer Higgins's hands was our destiny, and his hands had been very unsteady. At this precarious part of our journey he turned and looked at Violet, who shrank for a moment from his side; and I confess I was glad, when he leaned over her and spoke very low—I was glad to see her bow her head and get back steadily in her seat again. It was no time for a display of girlish vanity of any sort; we might all have been tumbled to the bottom of the ravine in the twinkling of an eye. When I think of it now I shudder, as well I may.

Violet was subdued and gentle, and, Heaven forgive her! when she bade the farmer good-by, her voice trembled and the color fled from her face. As for poor Higgins, there was so sore a struggle in his rugged features one could not tell the emotion that had the mastery.

Violet gained her color and her spirits at the first sweep of the steamboat's wheel cityward; and upon our arrival, who should be there to meet us but our principal, Mr. Baxter? We were hurried into a cab, and Mr. Baxter's peculiar air of ownership with Violet was soon explained by his remarking that I might as well give my consent to his happiness and Violet's, that she had sent for him to be there, and wouldn't I kindly make the best of it?

I bowed gravely without a word, and that night Violet and I had a serious talk together.

"I think I'd better be married at once, Lide," said Violet. "My endeavors to cultivate the human race are, like all missions of this kind, sometimes fraught with danger. Oh, Lide," said Violet, with a sudden tremor of terror, "we might have been thrown off that horrible rock, and horses, Higgins, trunks, and all come to sudden and awful grief, had I lost presence of mind in that dire extremity!"

"I was afraid so," I replied, "and took a long breath when I saw you sit close to Higgins again. Now, Vi, I forgive you on one condition—that this is your very last offer of marriage."

"My very last, Lide, I promise you."

But it happened that, some months later on, Violet and I were sewing away at the wedding finery that littered our room, when there was a ring at the boarding-house bell, and presently the maid knocked at our door, with the message that a visitor was waiting for Miss Violet in the parlor. We both thought it was Mr. Baxter, and Violet, running to the glass, pulled her curls down over her forehead, smoothed out her dress, put some roses in her hair, and nodding to me with a pretty blush, fled lightly down the stairs.

Ten minutes later she came back to me pale and trembling; the roses had fallen from her hair and fled from her cheeks; she clasped her hands with an air of distraction.

"Go down, Lide," she faltered—"do go down and get rid of him if you can. Don't stop a moment. There is a person there, an old acquaintance—perhaps he had better hear of my engagement from you."

"Is it another offer of marriage, Violet?"

"Yes, yes, I'm afraid so," she replied. "Do go down, Lide. You know Mr. Baxter may be here at any moment."

I went down, running over the six rejected lovers in my mind, and upon entering the parlor I saw Mr. Higgins leaning against the mantelpiece, with his hat in his hand. He was well brushed and shaven, and I saw at a glance that the gray material had been made up for the boys, and that Providence had ordered the turning of Mr. Higgins's black pantaloons. I also saw that he was of a remarkable pallor, and that the muscles of his face were twitching in an alarming manner.

"How d'e do, Miss Eliza?" he said. "Where's your sister—where's Vi'let? I hope I didn't frighten her; she looked so like them little things in the woods they call after her, so sweet and fresh like, when the sap's beginnin' to start in the arliest spring, so meltin' with—"

"How's your wife, Mr. Higgins?" I said, abruptly, to bring him to his senses. But it only precipitated matters.

"She's dead and buried, ma'am, this six weeks and more, and Betsy she's a-keepin' house for me; and bein' quite unstrung what with night-watchin' and worry with one thing and t'other, it seemed to me I had to come, whether or no; and I says to Betsy, says I, 'Mought I go?' and she says to me, says she, 'You mought, and the sooner it's over with, the better;' and Betsy's a sensible woman, Miss Eliza, as you will allow."

"A very sensible woman, Mr. Higgins; and now may I inquire the nature of your business with me?"

"The natur' of my business?" he repeated, sinking into a chair, twirling his hat between his knees, and looking at the carpet. "Why, hesn't Vi'let told you? I hope to the Almighty nothin's goin' to upset me now. I've been sorely stricken, and my head feels dreadful skittish. I thought she'd told you—she said she would. There ain't no manner o' use o' shilly-shallying. Vi'let kin hev stacks of money; she needn't raise a hand. You kin come and make it your home year in and year out; and as for me, I'll be her bounden slave."

"Mr. Higgins," I began, sternly; but suddenly he raised his head and looked at me, and I saw something in his face that paralyzed the indignant words upon my lips. The pupils of his eyes were strangely dilated; from pale he had become livid. One rash word from me at that moment might have cost untold inconvenience and trouble.

"I hope to th' Almighty nothin's goin' to upset me now," he repeated, piteously.

"Mr. Higgins," I said, gently, "you are not well, and Violet is startled and surprised. You want to be gentle with her, don't you?"

"Surely, ma'am, surely."

"Well, I give you my word, Mr. Higgins, that if you go quietly home again, every thing shall be right, and you shall hear from Violet without delay."

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, but made no effort to move. "Why, here's the very posy that fell out of her hair," he said, taking it tenderly in his hand.

"You can take that with you," I said. "We must go now." He was scarcely fit to go alone. "We must go now," I repeated, not without some misgiving; but he got upon his feet, and went with me out of the room. His steps were shaken. I called a hack that was passing, and catching my hat and water-proof from the rack in the hall, we rattled away, just as I saw the tall form of Mr. Baxter appear in the distance.

I racked my brains all the way to the dépôt how to get this wretched man safely home. He had been cold and white; now he was hot and red; his teeth chattered. Never, never was one poor distracted mortal so glad to see another as I to put my delighted eyes upon Betsy Crouch. There she sat in a corner of the dépôt, her clothes tucked up out of the dirt, a chubby covered basket by her side, suggestive of restoratives by the way, her whole face beaming with good-will to her fellow-creatures.

"God bless you, Betsy!" I said. "Here is Mr. Higgins. He is very sick. How you will get him home I don't know."

"Oh, bless your soul, I'll manage it. I took good care of that when we started. He was so sot and determined to come, nothin' would do but to humor him; but we'll get along nicely now. The train 'll be here in a little while."

I sat down by Betsy's side, and waited till she had given poor Higgins some domestic wine and some drops from a bottle she had with her, and finding he was quiet, I made good use of the few minutes left to us, and opened my heart to Betsy Crouch.

"For Heaven's sake, Betsy," I said, "put this wicked thought from his mind at once and forever!"

"There's nothin' to hinder his marryin' agin," said Betsy.

"No, no," I replied; "but let him be careful this time to manage it happily."

"Surely, surely," said Betsy; and presently they steamed away.

When I reached home Mr. Baxter was in the parlor with Violet, but she pleaded a headache and soon came up to me.

"What did you do with him?" she cried. "I have been in an agony of fear. I believe he is out of his mind."

"Very nearly so, Violet; but he's safe with Betsy."

Then I told her all about it, and the poor child was wholly subdued for the next thirty-six hours. Every ring of the bell made her tremble, a tap at the door sent the color from her cheeks. At last we got news that Farmer Higgins was safe in bed with a nervous fever, the issue of which Betsy left in her comfortable way to Providence. Violet was married the following month, and only yesterday came my first news from the mountains. Providence was bountiful. His beneficence not only extended to prolonging the farmer's life, but hitched it to Betsy's as a happy safeguard for the future.

"It's raspberry time," writes Betsy, "and the yield is most oncommon. The hollyhocks is as double as roses this year, and John and I and the children and all hands want you to come up and stay as long as you like without payin' no board of any kind."

The good woman mentions my favorite fruit and flower. I am sadly worn and dispirited; the breath of the mountain air would be as the balm of Gilead. I wonder if it would be best to go?

PARIS ILLUMINATED.

Never before has Paris appeared in so amiable a light as in its recent celebration. As the symbol of republicanism and of peace it has read a lesson to all cities. Republicanism can only flourish amidst a peace-loving people. Cities and nations must live together in amity if they would rise to ease and intelligence. War-worn Paris, the victim of siege, assault, famine, plague, the centre of victory and defeat, has at last blazed with flags and glittered with countless miles of lamps and fire-works, to signalize its pacific purposes and hopes. It is to be a city of repose. In vain the ultramontanes and legitimists clamor for war, civil or foreign; in vain Bishop Dupanloup would treat all republicans as traitors. Paris throws off the yoke of its foreign Church, its imperialists and royalists, and proclaims to the world that republicanism is peace. For the first time in the history of this immense city, which already numbers a population of more than 1,800,000, its influence upon its age is gentle and humane, and except possibly in one or two of the brief periods of the Revolution, when, as at the fête of the Field of Mars, its people were ruled by a sudden emotion of charity, Paris has never before stood at the front of civilization. It is eighteen centuries old.

In the first century of the Christian era we discover the germs of a village or city on the banks of the Seine. Cæsar stood, perhaps, on the island; and the Field of Mars, where now myriads of strangers visit the long array of industrial progress, where the American steam-engine and the shawls of India offer their rival attractions, suggests involuntary thoughts. From Cæsar to Julian, Paris ripened into a fortified town. It was the favorite resort of the apostate and philosopher. Here he was named by his soldiers Emperor of Rome. In his day the city was confined to the island, the site of the Louvre and the Tuileries was covered by dense forests; but already soldiers were exercised on the Field of Mars, and Roman villas occupied the scene where now the Faubourg and the Panthéon attract the stranger. Clovis, it is said, made Paris his capital. It became the seat of the Capetian kings. But in the opening of the twelfth century the schools of Abelard and William of Champeaux gave it a more lasting eminence; knowledge became one of its leading attractions; the University grew into European fame; the citizens, many of them Hebrews, were marked by their keen intelligence; the Hebrew was pillaged and driven away. But through the Middle Ages Paris never lost its passion for knowledge, and in the midst of savage barbarism, intense superstition, eager credulity, preserved still its schools and colleges.

The cities of the early age, unlike the modern, were built for warfare and defense, were shut in by lofty walls, and covered by frowning castles; the free air was repelled from their narrow streets, the hot summer sun beat down with fearful heat upon their crowded quarters; the streets, unpaved, unlighted, were foul and noisome lanes; pestilence raged perpetually in their dark and often lofty dwellings; and early Paris wanted all those conveniences that had made the Roman cities fit homes for civilized man. The immense aqueducts and sewers of Rome, Verona, or even Carthage were unknown to the barbarous Europeans. The comfort of the people was forgotten, while superstition raised its lofty cathedrals, and military pomp was exemplified in costly tournaments or needless wars. The Parisians lived in a gross degradation that deserved the scoffs of Rabelais and inflicted upon them the pains of a necessary retribution; they were renowned for their savage brutalities and unimagined crimes; yet they shared in all the mental excitements of early Europe, so powerful was the influence of school and college; and when the Reformation came to teach purity, refinement, and civilization, it found at first a warm greeting among the most cultivated Parisians. Poets, scholars, nobles, princesses, the famous printer Stephen, or Étienne, the purest men of the age, accepted the new faith. A Huguenot chapel was crowded; the Huguenots sang their stirring hymns to great multitudes in the public parks. For a moment Paris seemed ready to become a centre of reform. But monks and nuns rose to wild fanaticism, the intelligent thinkers were driven into exile or perished in the flames, ultramontanism seized upon the terrified city, and has held it, with some brief exceptions of revolution or discord, until the elections of 1878.

Paris became the stronghold of the papal party. Every Huguenot was expelled. Its streets rang with the shouts of the murderers of St. Bartholomew. Its ultramontane population, animated to fanaticism by the harangues of priests and the ceaseless celebration of public rites, resisted the arms of Henry IV. until, by famine and disease, 30,000 perished. They fed on rats and vile animals; they dug up and made into flour even the bones of the dead. But the king was baffled, and Paris kept its faith, its superstition. The Huguenots, tolerated for nearly a century, gave genius, learning, intelligence to the nation, and were then exterminated with fearful cruelties by the bigotry of Louis XIV. and the Jesuits. Only ultramontanism and infidelity were suffered to flourish in the capital of Europe. Its superstition perished; it became the capital of unbelief. It grew splendid and luxurious. The Louvre and the Tuileries sprang up where in Julian's time the forest came down to the Seine. Louis XIV. wasted the wealth of the nation in adorning his capital and its suburbs; the ancient walls disappeared, and the palaces of the nobles looked down upon the hovels of the poor. But at last ultramontanism and royalty perished together in the fires of the Revolution; the crimes of the great produced their own destruction; priests and nobles were the victims of the people they had contemned.

Under Napoleon ultramontanism was re-established at Paris; at the restoration it became supreme. It governed the weak court of Louis Philippe, and ruled the counsels of Louis Napoleon. Protestantism was banished or discouraged. It languished, M. Jules Simon relates, under its restrictions. Liberty of conscience was abridged. The keen Jesuit ruled over the press, the schools, the people. Ultramontanism sustained the despotism of Louis Napoleon. Fanaticism drove France into war, and brought the Germans to Paris. Death, despotism, ruin, had followed for ages its control, yet never had the French people been able to shake off their load. Ultramontanism clung to them, an Old Man of the Mountain. The lagging nation saw itself oppressed by the incubus with hopeless amazement. Ultramontanism, after the German war, sprang again upon its victim. Paris was held in bondage by priests and Legitimists. The press was watched again by keen Jesuits, and liberal editors paid for free thought by fine or imprisonment. They might linger over the details of a pilgrimage to Lourdes or the Sacred Heart. They were forbidden to demand free education, or to describe the vices of a foreign Church. At last Thiers was driven from office, M'Mahon assumed his place, and ultramontanism ruled Paris with an authority scarcely surpassed in the days of St. Bartholomew. In one thing there was a difference—it had lost the control of the people. Paris hated it. All France was republican. Knowledge had extended. The threats and acts of the priesthood in 1878 were scarcely less violent than they had been in 1572. The same spirit ruled the counsellors of M'Mahon and inspired the editorials of the papal journals. Gambetta was condemned to prison. Editors and teachers all over France felt the violence of the papal faction. But when the day of election came nearly all Paris voted for the overthrow of its tyrants, and all France demanded the suppression of ultramontanism. For the first time in its history, of all the eighteen centuries of its existence, Paris has proved itself the centre of republicanism, and ultramontanism has hidden in defeat and shame.

It is for this that the great city is illuminated from end to end in every quarter save where the legitimists and ultramontanes rule; that its famous park glows like fairy-land, and its streets glitter with diamonds of light. French intellect has at last thrown off its incubus; religious toleration is to be at Paris something more than a name; Protestanism may flourish where it has never been suffered except under restrictions; the Jesuits will no longer rule the press, the offices, the courts, and cast aged reformers into prison. The public parks of Paris may yet resound with hymns of reform, and the gross sensuality it has won from an ultramontane rule be exchanged for a new refinement. The cruelty of the Dark Ages will yet pass away; humanity, honor, virtue, will ascend the capital where Coligny, Sully, or Colbert would long ago have planted them. Paris will cease to be the city of Rabelais, France the dupe of Rome.

The year 1878 will be the most memorable in the history of Paris. Its conflict with ultramontanism has closed with a signal victory. To New York the spectacle is singularly encouraging. Here ultramontanism has ruled for only, perhaps, thirty years; in Paris it had a prestige of eight centuries. Here it has plundered, corrupted, threatened, rebelled, under the form of Democracy; there it frowned in the savage guise of tyranny and fanaticism. But chiefly the example of Paris shows how easily the people may throw off every where the rule of the enemies of knowledge, and save republicanism. Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The return of mature salmon to the Connecticut River and other waters along the coast of the Atlantic from the St. Croix, in Maine, southward, has been a matter of congratulation on the part of fish-culturists and sportsmen as well as economists, and there is every reason to believe that these streams in time will abound in a fish which occupies the first rank in economical value.

It has been a subject of considerable inquiry as to whether any salmon have reached the fishway at South Hadley Falls, on the Connecticut, and whether they are likely to ascend into the upper part of the river, the prevailing opinion being that most if not all of the fish entering the river were taken by the numerous nets so thickly set near its mouth. The problem is not yet solved, but Mr. Charles D. Griswold, of South Hadley Falls, reports on the 20th of June the arrival of salmon at the dam, two having been caught weighing twenty and fifteen pounds respectively. They were let go, again, however, without molestation. So far there is no assurance that the fish have ascended the fish-way, but a careful watch is being kept, and this question will doubtless be settled before long.

It may interest some of our readers to know that Congress at its last session authorized the public printer to receive orders for copies, at cost, of the *Polaris Narrative*, to be printed from stereotype plates. The actual price, per copy (the composition, stereotyping, and engraving have been provided for), will, it is understood, not exceed $1 60, which sum, if transmitted at once to the public printer, will secure the volume by express. The cost by mail will be $1 75 per copy.

We trust this is the beginning of a well-digested system of furnishing copies at actual cost of the more important publications of the United States government, so that persons wishing them can obtain them without depending upon acquaintance with some member of Congress.

Much interest has been excited as to the result of experiments made by enterprising sportsmen's clubs in Massachusetts and Vermont in connection with the introduction of the European quail into the United States. There were several hundred birds in each lot which were liberated, which, after multiplying, disappeared in the autumn. We are happy to state that a number have been detected near Rutland on their return, so that it is probable the experiment in time will be a complete success. During the present year 200 birds have been imported into Salisbury, Connecticut, 200 at Pittsfield, 400 at Northampton, Massachusetts, and 200 more at Rutland, Vermont—all supplied by the American consul, Carl J. Braun, at Messina. The cost has been very trifling, that of the Salisbury shipment amounting to $60 59 delivered in the village.

Among the results of the recent excavation in the vicinity of the Parthenon, in Athens, is a clay lamp—an article not uncommon in the ancient tombs. This contained a wick of asbestos imbedded in sulphur, which was apparently burned by means of the wick like an ordinary candle.

The Water and Woods Department of the French Exposition proposes to secure as many as possible of the exhibits of woods from various parts of the world, for the purpose of constructing a permanent museum, arrangements being made to purchase such as are not directly presented to the French government at the close of the exhibition.

In this connection it may be remarked that all the objects of this character at the Philadelphia Exhibition were presented to the United States, and only await the opportunity to be furnished by the erection of the new National Museum to be placed on exhibition. It is not likely that the French display will be in any respect superior to that at Philadelphia.

A letter from D'Albertis, dated April 14, announces his proposed departure direct for London on the 1st of May, and an intention to take with him all his collections. These will doubtless be found to contain, on critical examination, many objects of scientific interest.

Among the many individual useful applications of the telephone is that made in France, to maintain communication between a steamer under tow, a conducting wire wrapped round the hawser furnishing the means of connection. In this way the necessary instructions and information were readily exchanged. Still another application is that of communication between a submarine diver and the attendant vessel above him.

The embryology of the American gar-fish (*Lepidosteus*) has long been a problem of much interest to naturalists, in view of the remarkable relations maintained by the adults in the class of fishes. It is doubtless known to many of our readers that this fish, with the mud-fish (or *Amia*) of our rivers, the *Polypterus* of the Nile, and a few other forms, represents a scanty survival of what in ages long past constituted the prevailing type of the group of fishes. It might, therefore, be readily imagined that the study of this fish from the egg to the adult would furnish some important hints in regard to the classification of the great fishes, and be in itself a subject of very great interest.

Professor Louis Agassiz had for many years endeavored in vain to obtain specimens of the spawning fish for the purpose of obtaining eggs and watching their development. His efforts, however, and those of all other naturalists, were unsuccessful until the present season, when Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who was equally interested with his father in the solution of the problem, obtained from the vicinity of Ogdensburg a supply, from which a number of young fish were hatched that are now undergoing a careful examination on his part.

Information as to the spawning-ground of the gar-fish in May, near Ogdensburg, was communicated to Mr. Agassiz by Mr. S. S. Blodgett, United States consul at Prescott, Ontario.

Nature for June 13 contains a very eulogistic review by Mr. A. H. Sayce of the volume lately published by Professor Powell upon the ethnology and philology of the Northwest, referring approvingly, and with but slight criticism, to the views of Mr. Dall in regard to the region and extension of Esquimaux.

Captain Burton has lately returned to Egypt from a second journey to the Land of Midian, bringing with him twenty-five tons of mineral specimens, including gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, turquois, rock-salt, gypsum, etc.

Professor Little, the State Geologist of Georgia, reports that twenty-six gold mines in that State are at present being worked systematically and properly. There are in these about 260 stamps, the average monthly yield of each of which is about $100.

A gradual increase in the complexity of the animal as the result of an embryonic development is so much the rule that the announcement of an adverse condition in the case of certain *Polyzoons* has attracted much attention among physiologists. A recent instance is that in connection with the form known as *Cyphonantes*, which is a small free-swimming animal, pyramidal in shape, with a soft body contained in a bivalve shell. Schneider regarded it as a larval polyzoon that before its transformation into the adult becomes disorganized and reduced to a homogeneous protoplasmic mass, though previously its structure had been complex. From this arises a new polypide which becomes metamorphosed into the adult form, thus effecting what has been more recently substantiated by Nitsche and Joliet.

An official report upon the herring fisheries of Scotland, by Messrs. Frank Buckland and Spencer Walpole, has just been made to Parliament. The commission concluded, after a consideration of all the circumstances connected with the fishery, that no legislation is desirable in regard to the herring fisheries, and that human agency has had and can have little effect in determining their migrations and appearance, or their abundance. Certain local legislation is suggested for particular districts, but the removal of most of the restrictions is urged.

They think the birds affect the abundance of the herring more than any other cause, and that possibly the protection given by law to sea-fowl should be removed, in their opinion the gannets destroying more herring than are taken by man himself.

Volume II. of Lieutenant Wheeler's magnificent series of quarto reports of the Geographical Survey West of the 100th Meridian has just made its appearance from the government printing-office, and includes the subject of astronomy and barometric hypsometry. Less generally interesting than some of the others, but not less important, it embraces the special astronomical reports for the principal stations, particularly that at Salt Lake City, a description of the observatory and site at Ogden, and a summary of barometric observations. It also includes a valuable table of altitudes, as determined by the observations of the survey.

Numerous suggestions have been made of methods for determining the purity of milk offered for sale; but these, as involving the application of delicate chemical tests and a considerable knowledge of chemistry, have not been found practicable, and have aided very little in detecting the fact of adulteration. Quite recently Professor Lehmann, of Munich, has suggested the following process, which, it is believed, will answer a useful purpose:

Any given weight of milk—say, one-fourth or one-third of an ounce—is to be diluted with the same weight of water, and then poured in a thin layer upon a burned, unglazed tile of fine-grained material. The water of the milk, with the sugar of milk, albumen, and a portion of the solids in solution, is immediately absorbed by the plate, while the entire amount of fatty and cheese constituents of the milk remains behind in the form of a thin skin on the plate.

To determine the amount of fat alone in the milk this skin is to be treated with ether. In many cases it is quite enough to know the amount of the more important constituents of the milk, and at the same time the amount of water, which can be ascertained usually in about two hours. This process has the advantage of giving the result in a more simple form, and of allowing a number of tests to be going on at the same time.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Some time ago a fearless young lady rider, when out with Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds in the country below Almondsbury, so renowned for its rhines—those great broad trenches brimming with water, which have furnished a bath for many a Nimrod—went plump into one of them, which she tried with more pluck than prudence. For a little while she seemed in some peril, when a young hunting farmer came to the rescue, and gallantly drew her, dripping with water, out of danger. The young lady's nerve, however, was proof against even such a ducking, for she was no sooner on *terra firma* than she said, archly, to her deliverer, "This is not hunting—it is fishing." "Yes, miss," was the prompt reply; "I have done a little angling in my time, but it is not often one has a chance of landing so large a fish."

"What are you in jail for?" asked a prison visitor of a negro. "For bor'win money, Sah." "Why, they don't put men in jail for borrowing money!" "Yes, but you see I had to knock the man down free or four times afore he'd lend it to me," exclaimed Afric's child.

Stake-Holders—Butchers.

A classical man out in Venice, Illinois, has christened his cat "Othello, or the Mewer of Venice."

"Every cloud has a silver lining." But that is no consolation, after all, when you reflect that things are never worn with the lining side out.

A medical student wishes to know in what portion of the animal economy the trom-bone is to be found. He says that he has frequently heard of it, but can not find it in the medical books.

"Women," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life,
At once a boon and a blessing."
"In one way they're salad indeed," replied Brown—
"They take so much time in their dressing."

A sharp little girl in Chicago got out of patience with her bashful lover's backwardness, and so brought matters to a favorable climax by saying to him: "I really believe you are afraid to ask me to marry you, for you know I would say yes."

A Germantown gentleman has a dog that will not permit him to enter the house if his wife is out of temper. The animal foresees a "time" between his master and mistress, and out of consideration for the former prevents his entrance.

Lady (*giving an apple to a little boy*). "Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest."

The boy looked for a moment at all three ladies, took the apple, and—ate it.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet; you are more sheep than bear."

"Is this air-tight?" inquired a man in a hardware store, as he examined a stove. "No, Sir," replied the clerk; "air never gets tight." He lost a customer.

Aggravating—To think up a good joke after getting to bed, and not be able to recall a word of it next morning.

Some vile traducer says that a month before marriage and a month after death men regard their wives as angels. Of the remaining time he has nothing to say.

A gentleman on walking out on Sunday evening met a young girl whose parents lived near his house. "Where are you going, Jenny?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, Sir," was the smart reply. Jenny, in fact, was going courting.

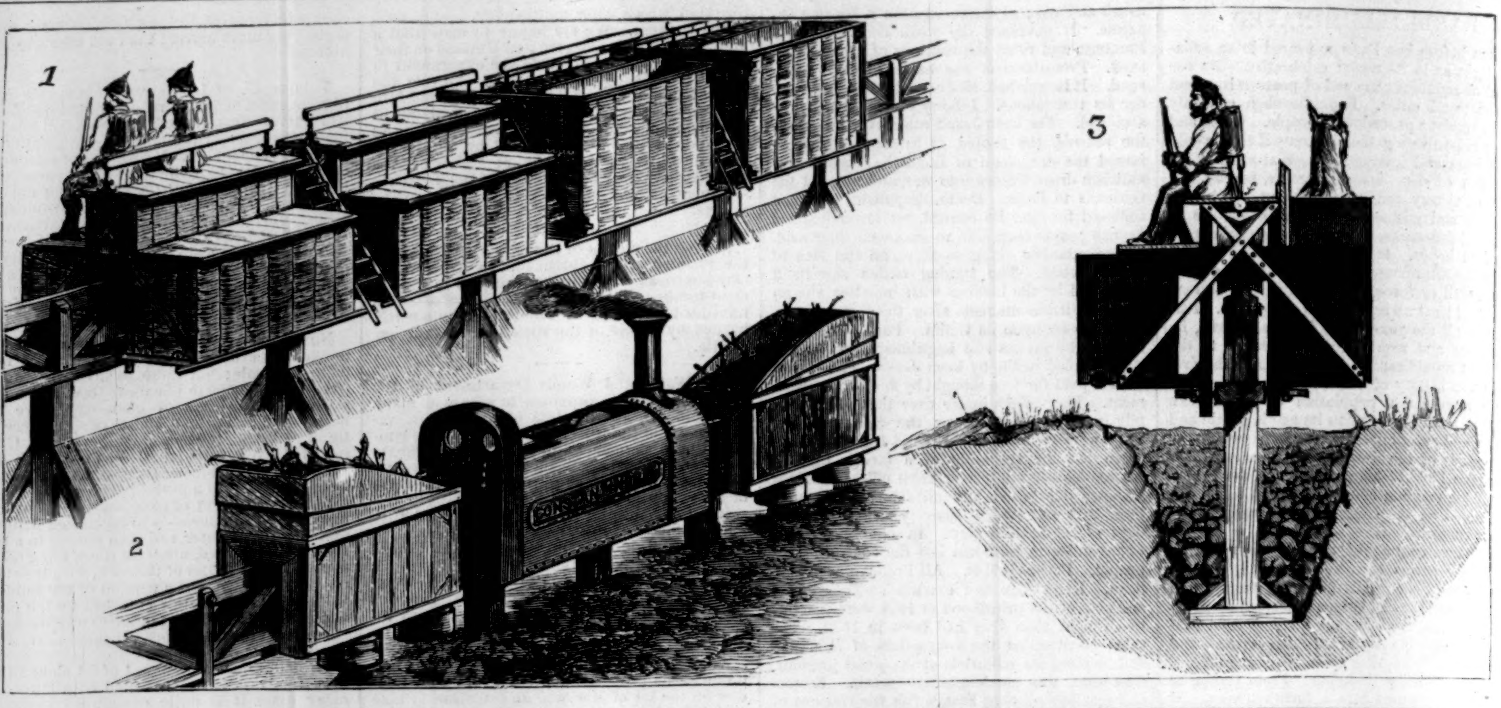
Man proposes, but—he is not always accepted.

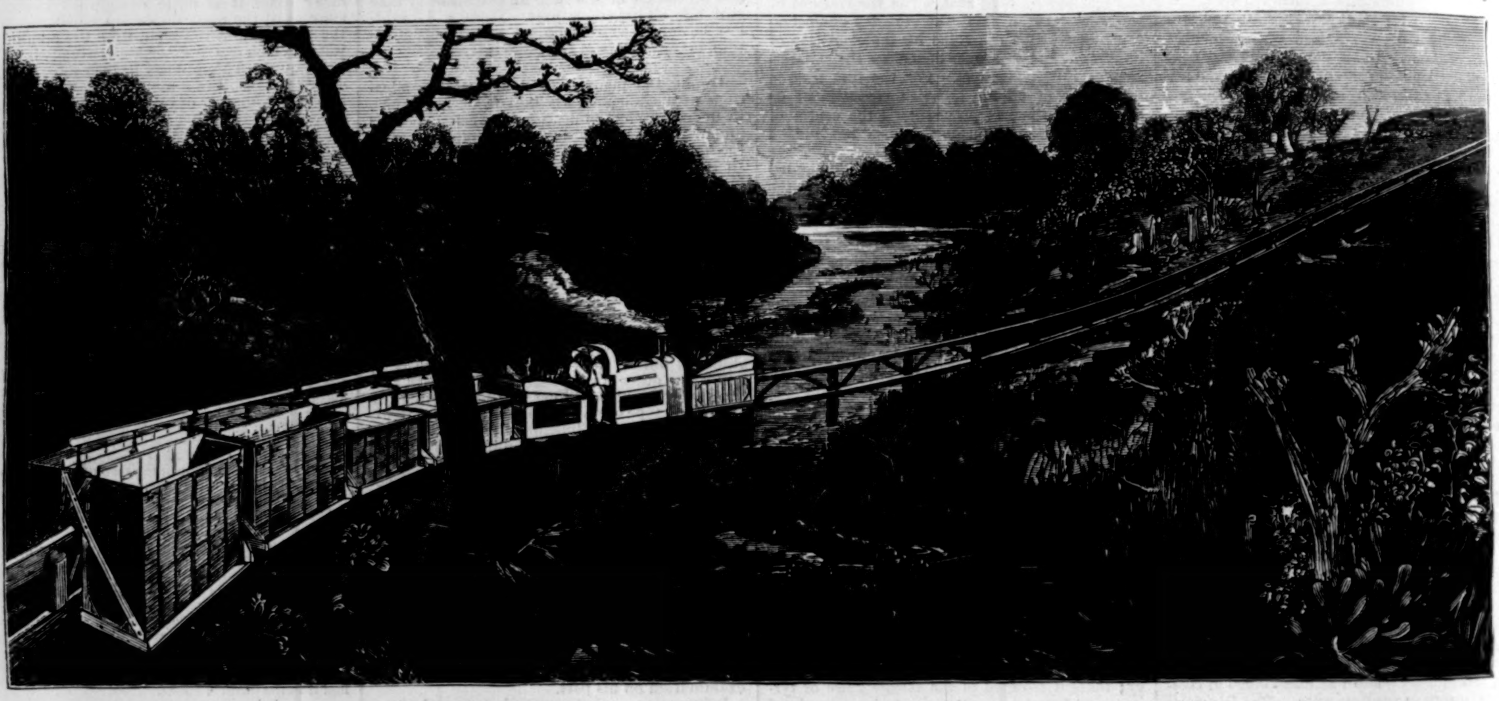
The Bank Clerk's Association is not a secret society. They have tellers.

When may a man's friends naturally suppose that he has gone amissing?—When he has gone a-courting.

The following correspondence lately passed through a telegraph office: "I lent you five dollars one year ago to-night. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer." To this delicate hint the answer was returned: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

"Young man," said a minister to a youth of his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in the world?" "Yes, Sir; two cousins and a grandmother; but I do not intend to sustain them much longer."





1. Cars of the Pioneer Railway. 2. Engine and Tenders. 3. Section of Pioneer Railway Car. 4. Pioneer Railway Train crossing a Stream. 5. South African Tramway.

PIONEER RAILWAYS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A PIONEER RAILWAY.

ELEVATED or post and rail railways, like the one shown in the accompanying sketches, were first proposed about forty years ago, and have been erected in this country and other parts of the world, but generally on comparatively level ground, since a gravity engine of sufficient weight to draw a train up a steep incline would be out of the question on such structures. The railway used for military transportation in the Transvaal, South Africa, is a one-rail structure. Its advantages are many. The cost of construction is comparatively slight; it can be put up without loss of time in grading, and having no gauge, it can be readily adapted to the sharpest curves. The posts have a constant height of seven feet, three of which must always be above-ground. This leaves a four-foot margin for such inequalities as can not be overcome by a grade of one in ten.

The stability of the structure is assured partly by sinking into the ground (440 holes in a mile) and partly by anchor footings. These holes are of varying depth, and really do duty as cuttings. The structure may be either of wood or iron; but wood is preferred for military purposes, since omissions or damages are more easily repaired. The upper rail is formed of a stout oaken beam on edge, breaking joint on the posts. An iron deck beam may be used in lieu, but its use might delay the construction, in being bent to regular curves, which the pioneer does not affect. The lower or grip rail, which forms a continuous chain, as it were, for the grip engine to pull at, is in oak, notched to hold firmly to the posts and struts. These deep notches, occurring with regularity at every four feet, admit of ready but not too facile bending on curves, the maximum being fixed at 100 feet radius, or about two inches per bay. Saw cuts at every eight inches are for the same purpose. The breaking strength of the structure is twenty tons, its weight about eighty tons per mile complete.

The mode of erection is very simple, and is the same whether iron or wood is employed in the structure.

After the most desirable route has been selected, by riding over the ground, a party is sent out

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN PARIS.

to mark off the precise line to be followed, in preference selecting soil of moderate hardness as the most suitable. The curves are put in by eye or with fiddlesticks, and no particular attention need be given to long straights. With a facility of using grades of one in ten, sharp curves will seldom be called for, or bad ground rarely obligatory. The marking is performed by pinning down lengths of white tape, on which the twelve-feet intervals for the posts are indicated by consecutive numbers.

A second party follow, to fix the grades by means of special graduated T-shaped ranging rods. The top of the T slides up and down, and is used to range the grades, and the scale shows the corresponding depth of hole required to obtain the grade indicated by the T slide. This party also note the special requirements, if any, of any particular number, and indent for it accordingly, indicating where gullies are to be cut under the bays for road crossings, or where over-bridges are to be erected, should it not be possible either to cut a gully or raise the railway. No levels are taken, but an inclinometer may be used when it is a question whether a grade exceeds the maximum.

A third party, of about 100 men, dig the holes of the depth indicated on the numbered pegs driven by their predecessors, and collect stones to be used in packing and ramming around the posts. They also cut the gullies before mentioned, and do any navvy-work which may be required. The total per mile is about 200 cubic yards—an easy day's work for 100 men.

Party No. 4, or the erecting squads, arrive by the construction train with the materials; they unload the wagons, and place the footed posts in the holes, and bolt up the rest of the structure. The posts are then ranged by eye as accurately as possible, being shifted right or left, or lifted and packed up a few inches if necessary; the train may then proceed with the materials. No. 5 squads, after the train has passed, ram in stones and earth into the holes.

The shape of the cars used on this railway is shown in the illustrations. The lower sketch shows a more primitive mode of transportation used in some parts of South Africa.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

JEMMY WHITELY was an extraordinary character among English strolling players. Whenever he entered a town of any importance he always costumed himself in his Don Felix suit—pink silk and white satin, spangled and slashed, a long feather in his hat, and a rapier by his side—preceded by a boy with a bell in his hand to announce the entertainment. In poor places, where money was scarce, Jemmy frequently took the price of admission out in kind—meat, bread, vegetables. At a fishing village once nothing but fish was brought by the inhabitants. The company remonstrated: man could not live by fish alone. One evening nineteen persons were ad-

mitted for a shad apiece, but he stopped the twentieth. "I am extremely sorry to refuse you, darlin', but if we eat any more fish, by the powers, we shall all be turned into mermaids!"

Mr. Crummles's weakness for thrusting whatever he purchased into his plays might have been copied from one of the eccentric managers Bernard describes. This gentleman had a favorite Scotch dress, which he introduced upon all occasions. Henry Moreland, in *The Heir at Law*, was obliged to come on in full Highland costume, to account for which some lines were introduced in which he told how he had been wrecked upon the coast of Scotland (instead of America), and, having lost all his own clothes, had been compelled to adopt the costume of the country. Another manager, having purchased a handsome velvet gold-laced coat of enormous dimensions, always insisted upon its being worn by the heroes of comedy, although some were buried in its capacities, and the skirts dragged the ground. A third had bought an Indian chief's dress, which he never omitted an opportunity of displaying.

It was customary in those days for Friar Lawrence to end the play with a moral speech. One night a certain representative of the character, famous for bibulous propensities, as he came to the lines,

"From feuds like these such endless troubles flow:
Whate'er the cause, the end is ever woe,"

saw a carpenter raising to his lips a pot of beer which he had hidden away in a quiet corner for his own delectation after the performance. Unable to endure the sight, he would not wait to utter the last word, but stopping at "the end is ever—" rushed off the stage, rescued his beer, and then thrusting his head round the side scene in sight of the audience, pronounced the word "woe" in the exact tone which had been so abruptly suspended, and down came the curtain.

John Bernard, who afterward attained a very respectable position upon the London and an excellent one upon the American stage, ran away from his home at Portsmouth to join a strolling company at Farnham under Manager Jackson. The theatre was the largest room in the Black Bull Inn; a collection of "green tatters" across the middle formed a curtain, a pair of paper screens were the wings, and four candles represented the foot-lights. The scenery consisted of two drops. One represented a kitchen, but by the introduction of two chairs and a table it became a gentleman's parlor; add to these a crimson-cushioned, yellow-legged elbow-chair, with a banner behind and a stool in front, and it was transformed into a palace. The second drop represented an exterior, which, as it pictured two houses, a hill, a dale, a stream, and some trees, might pass for a wood, a landscape, or a street, according to the fancy of the spectator. The company consisted of a heavy man who played the tyrant in tragedies and the French horn in the orchestra. Mr. Jackson was manager, prompter, money-taker, scene-painter, machinist, and violinist. He was a company in himself, inasmuch as being letter-perfect in every stock play, he could carry on all the mechanical duties of the house, and play ten parts a night with facility *behind the scenes*—a general practice at that time. The Romeo, who was an apothecary by day, sang and danced hornpipes; there was a "very low" comedian; and the Juliet was Mrs. Jackson, a fat, fussy little old woman.

Manager Jackson used to take money until the last moment he could be spared from the stage; but even then, although he might be representing the hero of a tragedy, he kept a sharp eye upon the doors to see that no one entered without paying. One night, while in the tent scene of *Richard III.*, he saw a rustic steal in surreptitiously; pausing in the very torrent of his passion at the line, "Hence, babbling dreams, you threaten here in vain," he stepped forward, and pointing out the delinquent, said, "That man in the gray coat hasn't paid!" Then resuming his tragedy, he shouted, "Shadows, avaunt, Richard's himself again!"

The poor strollers had not only starvation constantly staring them in the face, but the terrors of the law hanging over their heads. The cruel Vagrant Act, the offspring of Puritanism, menaced respectable companies. In the early lives of the Kembles we have glimpses of this tyranny. Roger Kemble, the father, was a strolling manager; we hear of Sarah at thirteen playing Ariel in a barn behind the King's Head Tavern at Worcester, and of the different receptions the troupe encountered at different towns, according as the proclivities of the magnates were Puritanical or liberal; at some places they were driven out like lepers; at others received with open arms, and welcomed and petted by the gentry; at Cheltenham the Honorable Misses Boyle lent Sarah Kemble dresses out of their own wardrobe, and helped her with their own hands to make others.

But far worse than any of these were the experiences of Mrs. Charke, who was connected with only the most degraded class of strollers. At one town they came to, a lawyer helped to support a poor relation by putting the Vagrancy Act into force against the wretched wanderers who travelled that way. He issued a warrant for their apprehension, threw them into prison, and his kinsman procured their release for a consideration, after which, being mulcted of every penny they possessed, they were thrust upon the world again, to starve or steal; but to their credit it must be said that we seldom hear of their resorting to the latter alternative. There was a humorous side to these wanderings, but we find little of it in this narrative. "I have seen," she says, "an emperor as drunk as a lord, a queen with one ruffle, Lord Townley without shoes, or only apologies for them," and the Queen in the *Spanish Friar* obliged to duck and stoop about from side to side to conceal the absence of stockings, which she had good-naturedly lent to some one else.

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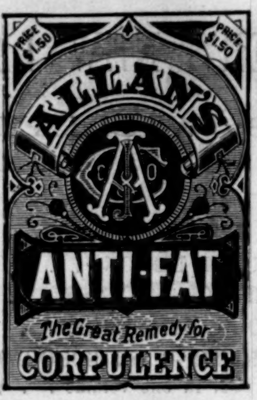

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A Physician, writing of the effects of Anti-Fat, says: "I find its use does not absolutely require any change in the ordinary diet. I have allowed my patients to eat almost anything they desired while taking it, requesting them, however, to avoid starchy food and all fermented and alcoholic drinks, and advising them to exercise freely. He continues: "The greatest difficulty that I have experienced in treating patients with it has arisen from their indisposition to continue its use for sufficient time to test its merits. They seem to think that adipose tissue, which they have been accumulating for years, ought to be removed in a few days or weeks; and although in a few cases the Anti-Fat seems to take effect at once, yet, in the majority of cases that I have treated, three or four bottles were employed before I could notice any diminution of weight; then, all at once, the reduction commenced, and continued at the rate of from two to four pounds a week, until in one case twenty-five pounds, and in another as many as thirty-five pounds, were lost." He further says: "I think you should advise your patients that they are likely to see very little effect from the first one or two bottles, and that even four or five may be taken before the fat will begin to melt away." The same gentleman says: "After using the Anti-Fat some time the patient feels lighter and more active, the stomach acts with more rapidity, and the appetite improves. Fulness and weight in the region of the stomach are no longer experienced, and there is no rush of blood to the head or face while digestion is going on." Another physician, who was furnished with a supply of Anti-Fat to test its virtues, reports that, "It is not until after two or three weeks' use that we begin to see much effect from it in reducing flesh. Then careful observation discloses the fact that the system is undergoing a slight change. Its effects now become more and more manifest. I advise those to whom I recommend it to be patient and persevere in its use. It has never yet failed or disappointed the faithful." Speaking of the effect produced by Anti-Fat in his own case, he says: "I weighed 170 pounds. I commenced to take Anti-Fat three times a day without observing any special dietetic rules, except to avoid starchy food. For three weeks I noticed scarcely any change; but at the end of one month I had lost three pounds, and in another week two pounds more, at which time I discontinued its use, not feeling any inconvenience from my slight corpulency."

"ROZALSTON, MASS., *July* 10, 1878.

"BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Gentlemen,*—What will you send Allan's Anti-Fat per dozen for? There is no place within eight miles where we can buy it. My mother has taken five bottles, and reduced her weight 20 pounds. There are a number of fat persons who think of trying it. Please let me know by return mail. J. M. PARTRIDGE."

"H. A. KUFUS, DEALER IN DRY GOODS,
Cor. Fenn and Division Streets,
Woodhull, Ill., June 22, 1878.

"PROP'RS OF ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Gentlemen,*—Please find enclosed $5 00, for which send me, by express, Anti-Fat. I have taken one bottle, and I lost five and one-quarter pounds.

"Yours truly, H. A. KUFUS."

We might go on and quote hundreds of similar expressions from those who have used this positive remedy for corpulency, and bear testimony of its wonderful power over this condition of the system.

This specific remedy is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, is PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and will occasion no discomfort. It greatly aids digestion, and is a most excellent remedy for dyspepsia.

Since writing our first little circular treatise upon the subject of Corpulency, many hundreds of cases have come under our personal observation, and in all good results have followed the use of the Anti-Fat. In no case has any unpleasant or injurious effect been produced. Instead of regarding obesity as an abnormal condition, many people have erroneously considered it as an evidence of health, and any agent that reduces fat is therefore at once suspected of being injurious. Starting to reason from the false position that fat is an evidence of health, it is not surprising that they should, very naturally, fall into the error of supposing that an agent possessing properties capable of reducing corpulency would prove injurious to the health. Reasoning, however, from the rational basis, that an undue deposition of fat, constituting obesity, is not a healthy but a morbid condition, it is quite as natural for us to arrive at the opposite conclusion, which is sustained by experience and observation, *i. e.*, that the reduction of fat in cases of corpulency is invariably followed by an improvement of strength, spirits, and physical comforts. Not only are we daily consulted by letter and otherwise by those who desire to know if the Anti-Fat is truly a harmless medicine, to which inquiries we can, from our large observation, most sincerely and positively answer in the affirmative, but various other questions are propounded by those who, from having regarded their obesity an indication of health, are fearful of injurious effects from a remedy known to reduce corpulency. One wants to know "if the fat is removed, will the skin not be wrinkled or furrowed." A knowledge of the anatomy of the human skin, and of its wonderful contractile nature, is only necessary to convince any person who might have similar apprehensions that the skin readily adapts itself to a changed habit of body. Not only is the skin not furrowed by a reduction of corpulency, but from the alterative or blood-purifying effects of this medicine the skin when blotched or rough is made more smooth, clear, and beautiful.

A very extensive observation has convinced us since our first circular treatise was issued, that in the majority of cases the Anti-Fat must be taken for from two to three, and, in rare cases, even four weeks before the patient will begin to notice much reduction of flesh, after which the loss goes on rapidly—generally from three to five pounds a week. In some cases the diminution in weight commences from the first two or three days' use of it. We therefore advise those who contemplate using the Anti-Fat to make a careful note of their weight, and after two or three weeks' treatment commence observations. Improvement not only in diminution of weight, but in the improved appearance and vigorous and healthy feeling it imparts to the patient, both bodily and mentally, will soon be observed. A large saving in expense may be made by purchasing the Anti-Fat of the druggist by the half dozen or dozen bottles.

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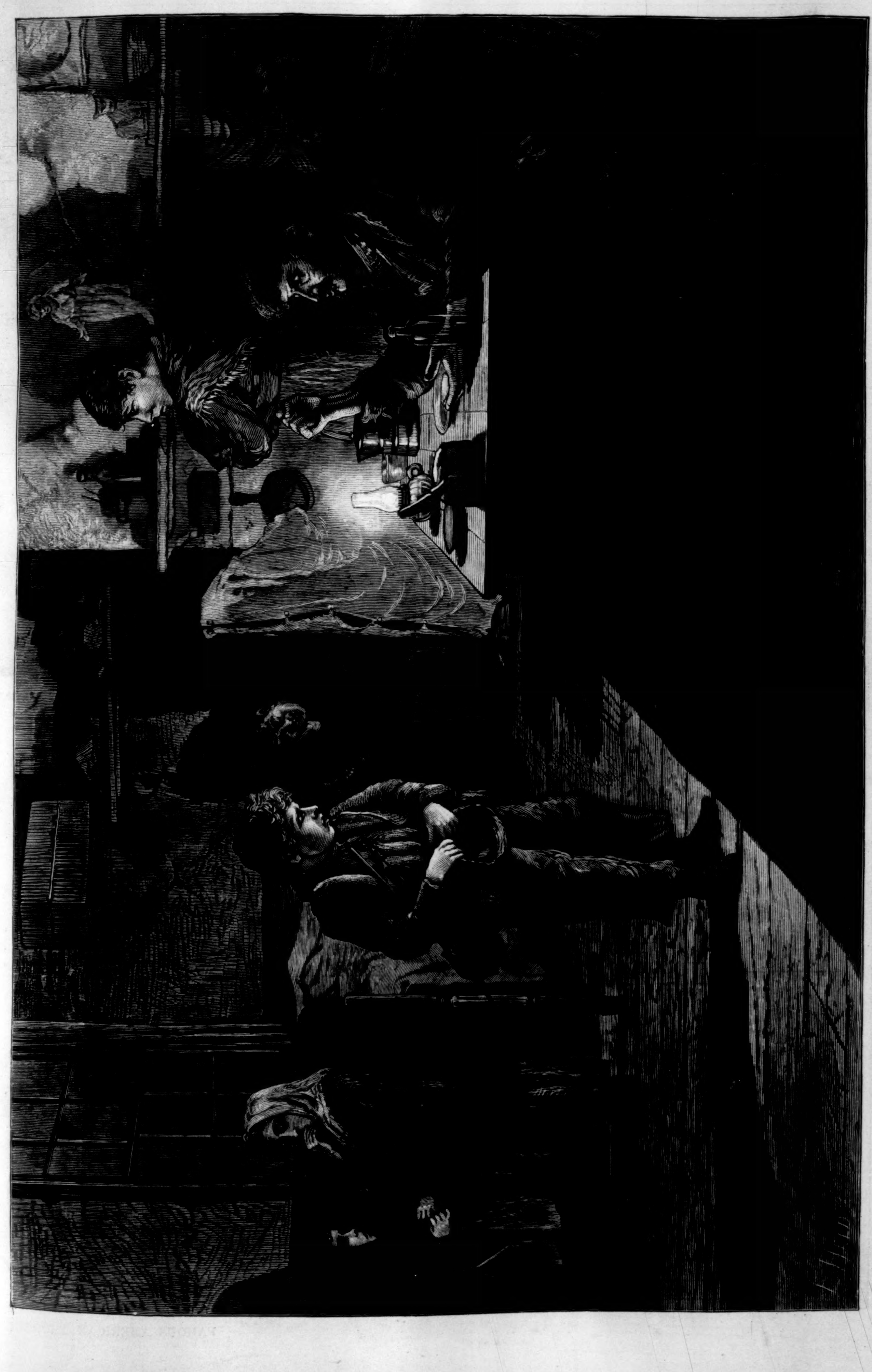

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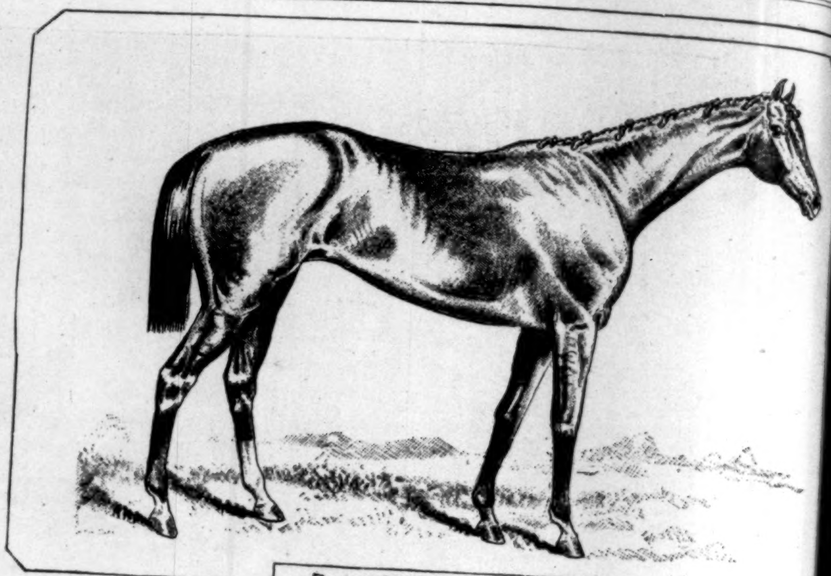
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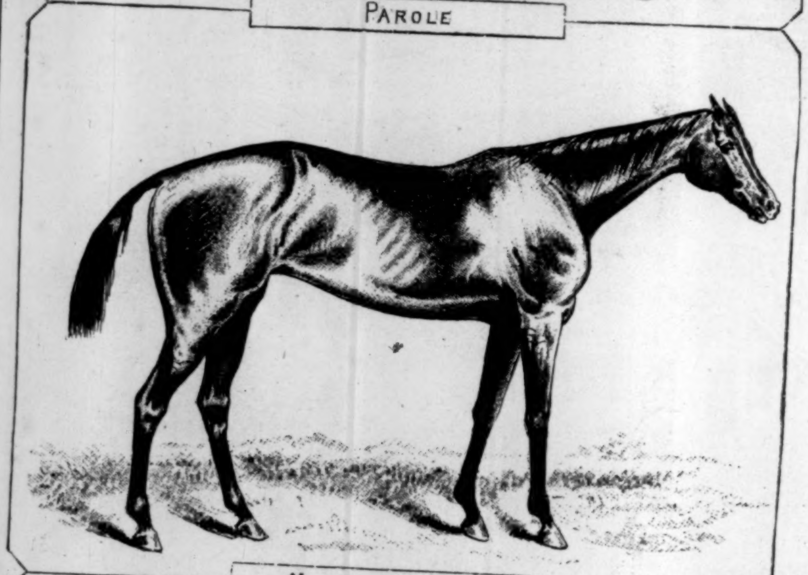
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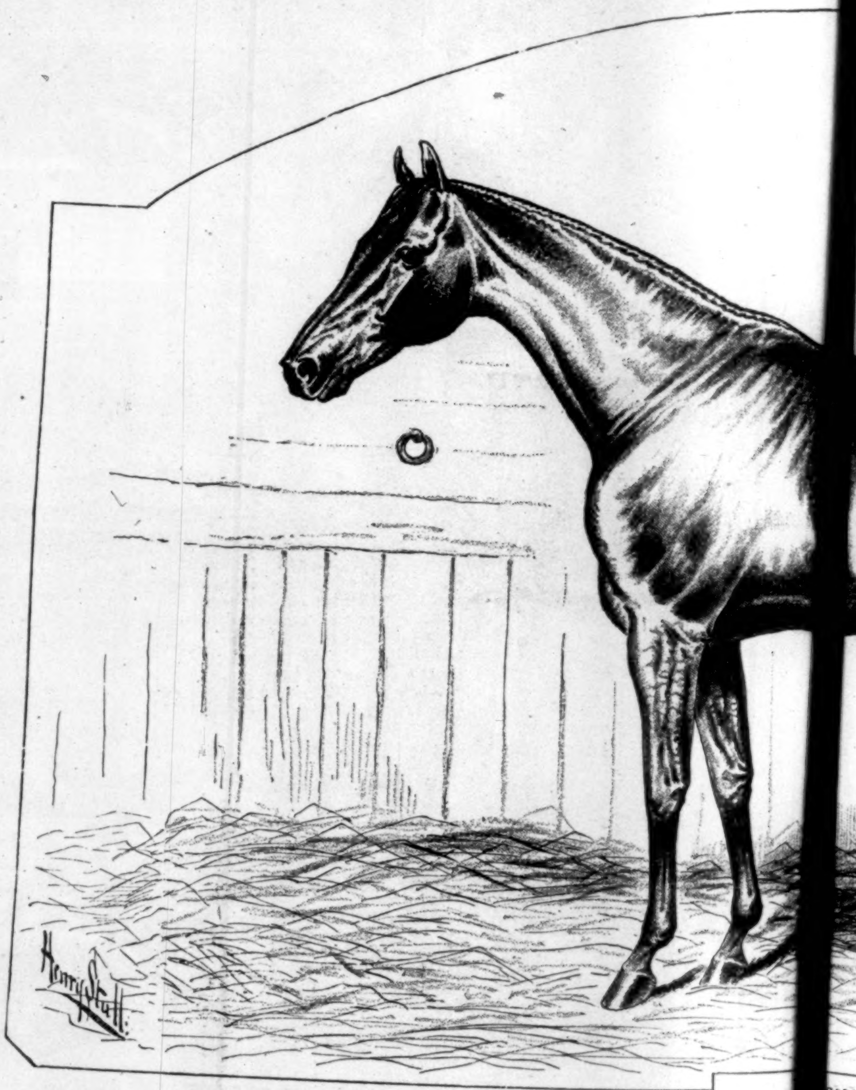

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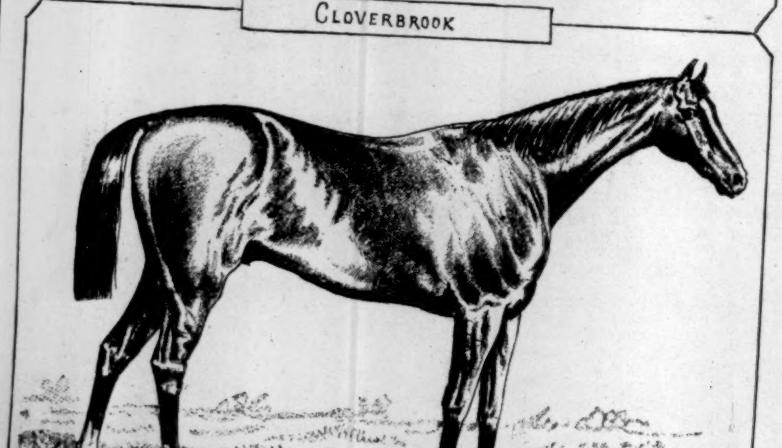
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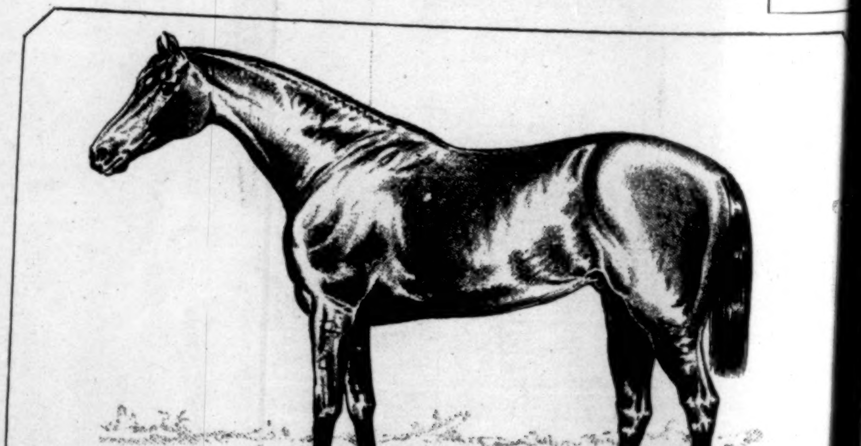
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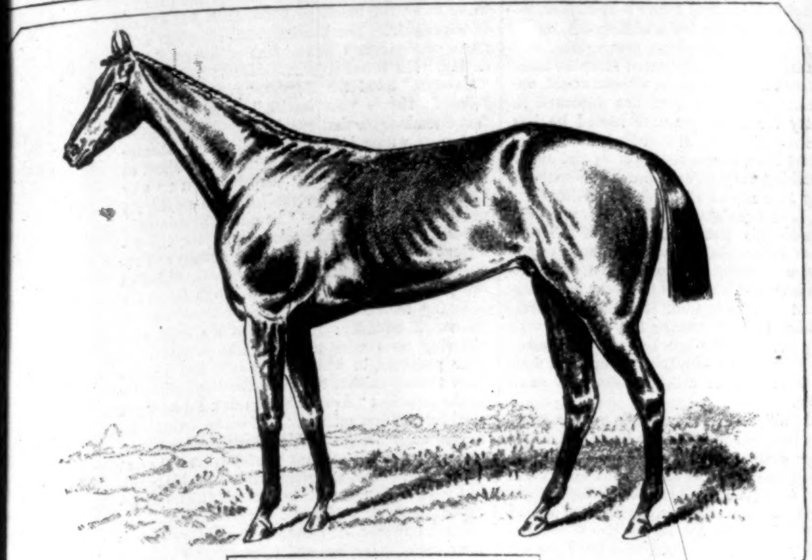

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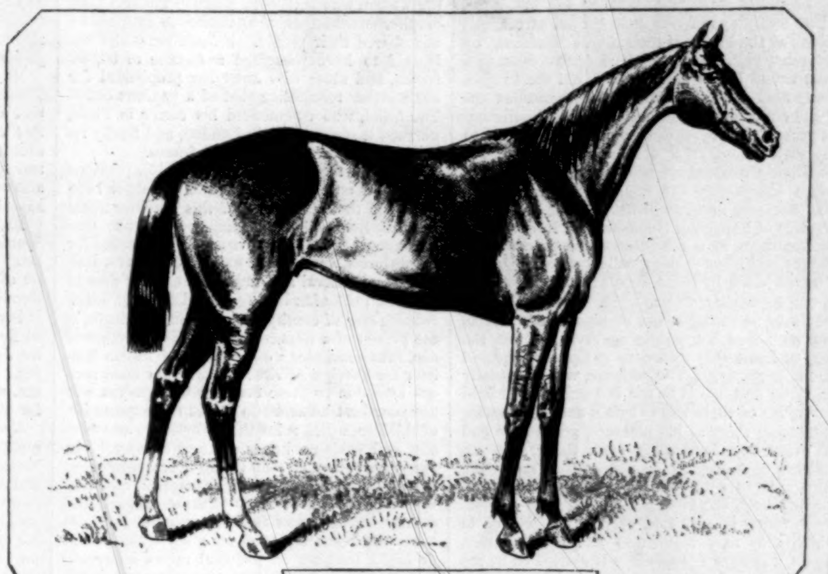

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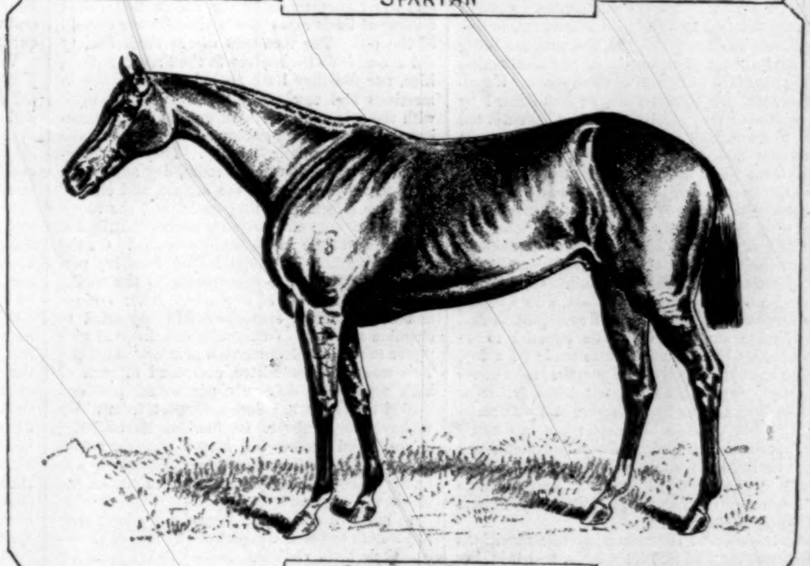

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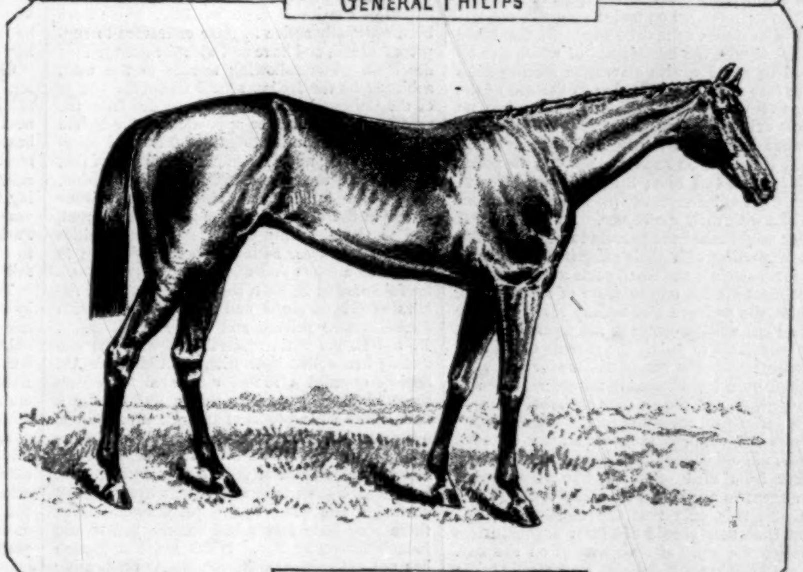

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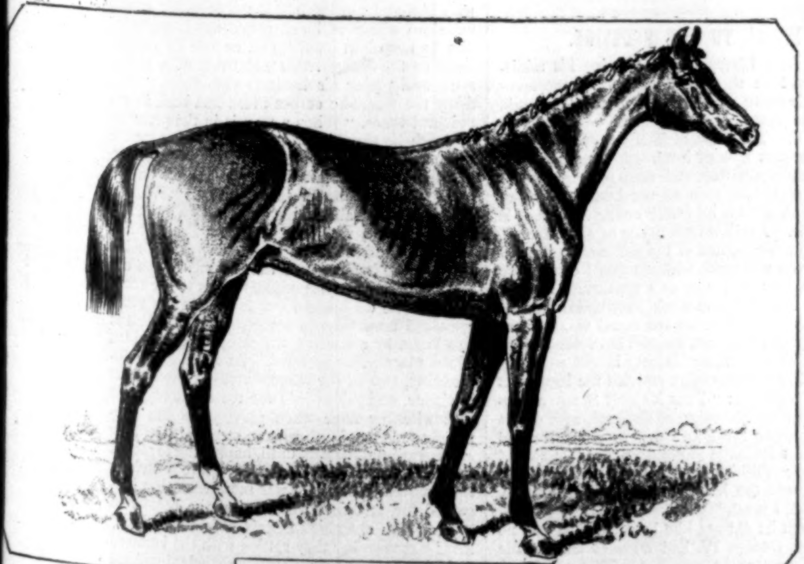

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S.— ED FROM LIFE BY HENRY STULL.—[SEE PAGE 644.]